THE LAMENTATION OF THE CONTRITE PENITENT.

A Mid the three-fold Sacred Quire,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

The Language Of The Frontispeice.

AMid the thrice three ſacred Quire,
Gold-haird HYPERION ſtrikes his Lyre;
Whoſe muſick charmes the power of FATE,
Th' AONIAN GYRLES reverberate,
His melodie with voyces ſweet,
(Th' whole CONSORT in one tune do meet)
Shewing when MARS is grown the proudeſt,
The MUSES ever chaunt the lowdeſt.
MARTIAL the life and ſoule of SENCE,
(That mighty Lord of ELOQUENCE)
AUSONIUS, in ARTS SCHOLE moſt great,
[Sublime, quick, fluent of conceit]
Before this Fabricks Portall ſtand;
And (in the Dialect of the hand)
Invite all to aproach; beneath
Theſe, MERCURY preſents a wreath
New pluckt from DAPHNES browes to one,
Whoſe LANGUAGE and INVENTION
Whether Legitimate, or no,
He knowes, but few will care to know.

MARTIAL

EPIGRAMS
Six Bookes
Also the
Socratick Session
Or
The Araignment of
Julius Scaliger
with
Some Select Poems
by
S. Sheppard.

London Printed by G.D.
and are to be sould by Tho:
Bucknell at the Golden
Lion in Duck-Lane. 1651

AUSONIUS

EPIGRAMS
THEOLOGICAL, PHILOSOPHICAL, AND ROMANTICK.

SIX BOOKS,

ALSO

THE SOCRATICK SESSION,

OR

The Arraignment and Conviction, of JULIUS SCALIGER, with other Select Poems.

By S. SHEPPARD.

LONDON,
Printed by *G. D.* for *Thomas Bucknell,* at the Signe of the Golden *Lion* in *Duck-Lane,* 1651.

IF
THESE
EPIGRAMS SURVIVE
(MAUGRE THE VO-
RACITIE OF
TIME)
LET THE NAMES
OF
CHRISTOPHER
CLAPHAM,
AND
JAMES
WINTER,
(TO WHOM THE AU-
THOR DEDICATETH
THESE HIS IN-
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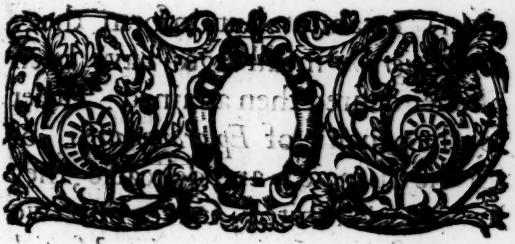
A 2 TO



TO THE READER.

Candid and Courteous,

Here preſent to thy peruſall, a Body of *Epigrams*, and (leaſt thou ſhould'ſt miſtak the worth of the gift, reflecting on the worthleſſneſs of the

giver) I cannot but inform thee, that *Epigrams* in all ages have been oftener desired then attained, either for the paucitie of *Epigrammatists*, or for the fluencie, and delicacie, they have ever exhibited; never but two amongst the *Latines*, viz. *Martial*, and *Ausonius*, famous for their performances in things of this nature, and amongst us here in *England*, none in our native tongue, (some pidlers excepted) save *Bastard*, and *Harrington*, that have divulged ought worthy notice: The first of these deserved the Lawrell, but the last, both Crowning and Anoynting. I confesse my selfe guilty of no lesse then Treason against the Soveraignty of *Apollo*, and the Dignity of the Nine, to put forth any thing to pub-

publick view in this Age of Ignorance, and Ostracism of Learning, when the *Thespian* Fount is so pittyfully puddled, the Sacred Mount so Sacreledgiously Assassinated, and the *Castalian* Cave, become a covert for Chattering-Magpies, the (nominall) Doctor, that can scarce render an account of his Faith, (if he were Catechized) whether GALLEN dealt in Druggs, or PARACELSUS in Simples, yet can make a shift to clime *Parnassus*, though (at his descent) his feet are so lame, all may perceive he deserves rather *Helebore*, then *Helicon*: Oh POESIE! once so renowned, how hast thou forfeited thy pristine Splendor? The Taylor measures thee with his Yard, The Astronomer

mer with his *Iacobs* Staffe. The Merchant exposeth thee, as the wind of his moody (or muddy) Fancie hurries him, and the Effemmate Gallant (who knowes onely how to powder his Haire, starch his Beard, adorn his (frenchified) tetticles with all the colours of *Iris*, lick up his Mistresse spittle, talke *Mimmick* blasphemy, and prate by the *Academy*) boasts, that he hath thee at his beck, and can quaffe up all *Helicon* at one draught.

Oh what a Shame it is (gentle Reader I addresse my selfe to thee as a competent Judge) that *Iupiters* Daughters (who came from Heaven, and are desirous to continue perpetuall Virgins) should be thus rapaciously towsed by a crew of

croaking

drolking counterfeits, who can do nothing without a *Helenæ Crater*, &c.

I know I shall incurre as direfull a curse from this frie of Fooles, as ever *Oedipus* bestowed upon his Sons, but I as much valew the barking of these Canicular Coxcombs, as I do the fawning of a Drunkard, or the Protestations of a Prostitute; Neither shall I weigh the non-sensicall cavills of those Lymphatick * Corybantes, those Semiviri Phryges, who make more noise with their tongues, (in the defence of their darling IGNORANCE) then ever those *Curetes* with their Brazen Instruments, for the preservation of *Iupiter*, these may

* *Sabinus* saith that these were a multitude of foolish people met together in *Creet. Regius* reports that they were turned into toad-stooles. The like Fate I wish may attend these.

may fitly (with *Momus*) be called the Sonnes of NIGHT, and SLEEPE: Dull dry-witted fellows, who take a pride to undervalue other mens labours, but do nothing themselves. *TERENCE* made a fit discovery of one (of the better sort) of these *MOMES*, *qui nisi quod ipse facit, nil rectum putat*, and I wonder, that any accomplisht Author should be the least troubled at this, since this God *Momus* (saith NAZIANZEN) doth not touch the worst onely, but the best of men, yes, and the best of Gods too, (*Optimus Maximus*) as the be-nighted heathen stiled their (lecherous) God, *Iupiter*.

Will you please (a little) to here him exclaime,

Thou

Thou O Jupiter *art the Originall cause of our vices, and of the adulterating our Senate with such a multitude of Bastards, whilst thou forsakest thy Heaven, and in a borrowed shape committest lewdnesse with mortalls, insomuch, that we not a little feare, that when thou art a Bull, one or other will sacrifice thee; when a golden Showre, that some Gold-Smith should melt thee, and for our* Jupiter, *returne us an Eare-Ring or Bracelet*, &c.

And indeed *Iupiters* pranks and rapes, justifies *Momus* his Invectives, but *Iupiter* (in *Lucian*) thinks him not worthy his Thunder, but rejects him as a mad prating fellow, and so I leave him.

Now

Now though nothing is more certaine then this, that it is equally as facile to cut and shape a garment for the Moon now crescent, and now in the wane, as to please all persons, and content all constitutions, yet I have a hope (in some measure) to satisfie all, having suted my selfe to all capacities; art thou sportive? here thou art fitted with a Jocular veine; art thou Philosophicall, Amorous, Stoicall, a meere Moralist, or devout Theologist? here thou maist recreate thy selfe to thy own wish.

But now for those who truely merit the Lawrell and Ivie Wreath, (fitly mythologising the incessant verdure and beauty of their learning and Ingenuitie) to them I bow the Knee. *Gentlemen,*

Gentlemen,

It is very requisite that the GRACES should accompany the MUSES,

Iunctæ Nymphis Gratiæ decentes. Hor.
Nymphæ noster amor Lybethrides. Virg.

therefore (with yours) I implore the ſmiles of thoſe faire Nymphs, whoſe Intellects are as excellently ſplendid, as their exteriors are ſplendidly excellent: I confeſſe Nature moulded me a *Cynick*, yet ſhall thoſe rare peices of perfection find here, APHRODITE, and ATALANTA, aſwell as your ſelves APOLLO, and ADRASTUS, may I find a courteous reception at your hands, and a favourable reflection from

thoſe

those Angellick Substances, and I shall esteem my selfe not onely immortalized, but shall ever be proud to record my selfe

Yours,

(equally obliged)

in all Service,

S. SHEPPARD.

To

To Mr. Sheppard *on His* EPIGRAMS.

NO matter! let the dunghill-wits crow (on,
And bathe their Beaks in putrifaction:
Foves harness-bearing-bird finds better prey,
Flying alone, the *Magpy*, and the *Fay*,
Not worth the meanest of his mœniall train:
Thou hast discovered (friend) so rich a veine
Of wit, and learning, that the pit-pat frio,
Will (with *Minervas* bird (sure) feare to fly
By day, but linger till their wits are ripe,
Dreading the danger of thy powerfull gripe.
Thou hast redeem'd the age, (leprous with Schisme)
And taught the world to perfect Barbarism:
We are not yet reduc'd; but that we yet
Are Masters of *Minervas* Carkanet:
And our perdition may (perhaps) protract,
Maugre this most portentuous Cataract,
Which threatens Earth and Heaven; untill now,
Daphne hath dwelt upon quaint *Martials* brow.

No

No more the *Nymph* will with his dust remaine,
But make her mansion in thy vigorous brain.
For what the son of *THIA* made such sute,
She (like a *THAIS*) loves to prostitute
To thee, (which if we truly scan, 'twill follow)
Thou art *HYPERIONS* Son, the true *APOLLO*.

ARTHUR EATWICH.

To

To the Author on his exquisite EPIGRAMS *and other* POEMS.

THus *Anacreon* taught of yore,
Thus the quaint *Venusian* chanted,
Songs that made *Scilla* cease to rore,
And the rage of Tyrants daunted:
Thus *Thracian Orpheus* strook his strings,
Listned to by Founts, and springs.

Thus witty *Martial* did compile,
Ausonius thus quaff't *Helicon*,
And here in this our *Borean* Isle,
Thus once warbled *Harrington*:
Though thou exceed'st his strain as farr,
As *Cynthia* doth the smallest Starr.

Thus learned *Maro* sang of old,
(Underneath the broad Beech-tree)
Songs fit for to be grav'd in gold,
He was but a type of thee:
Thus *Theocritus*, and *Browne*,
Made the *Dryades* their owne.

(Deare Sir) the very soule of wit
In this body of your book
Resides, (and takes delight in it)
May that man be thunder-strook,
That (by hellish Instigation)
Shall project a separation.

GEORGE ROSSE.

To the Author on his EPIGRAMS.

HAd these thy learned *Epigrams* been own'd
By *L.* or *B.* or any wit renown'd
For empty trifles, (oh the name! the name!)
Thy Statue had been fixt ith' house of Fame,
And o're thy head, in golden letters, writ,
'*The Prince of* Epigrammatists *and Wit.*
But we (alas) do take up Wit on trust,
If this man say 'tis his, of force it must
Be rare and excellent, although if scand
More dull then drosse, heavier then lead, or sand.
Rare SHEPPARD, nere what Fount, upon what (Hill,
May I sometimes but listen to thy Quill,
And see the horn-hooff'd *Satyrs* dance to please,
Those *Sylvan* beauties, the *Oreades*:

Sure

Sure not a *Nymph*, or Wood-God but doth lie
Couchant, when thou dost chant a Lullabie.
But when more strenuously thou list t'advance
Thy tone, they cannot but Corantos dance:
For to thy Lyre the *Thespian* Ladies sing,
The thrice three Spheares, in consort answering,
Ecchoed by all those * Orders, named Nine,
(Who still sing sacred *Anthems* to the *Trine*)
Both Heaven and Earth to share thy wit con-
(tend,
How blest am I, then, to have such a Friend.

* *The Hyrarchy of Angels, Thrones, Dominions, Principalities, Powers, &c.*

JOHN RIDLEY.

To my much honoured Friend the Author, on his most Excellent EPIGRAMS.

TAke heed ye crabbed Criticks, how
Ye censure; he that weares a brow
Curld up in furrow's, viewing these,
Is Traytor to th' *Aonides*.
Friend, (though without thy Lawrell on)
Feare not the conflagration

Of any (foolish) fiery Spirit,
Though he did *Typhons* yre inherit,
Thy *Epigrams* have strength and skill,
To sink him underneath a hill,
More ponderous then *Ætnas* loade,
Chiefe Darling to the *Delphian* God.
Th' *Mnemosinides* doate on thee,
(Those Ymps of *Jove* and *Memory*)
In this our *Brittish* Horizon
On *JUDGEMENT*, and *INVENTION*,
(The two wings with which *MARTIAL* flew)
Thou soar'st a pitch he never knew,
Rich in all knowledge; thou dost twist
The Poet, and *Mythologist*,
And (with a *FIAT* more then man)
The *Catholick*, and *African*.
We thinks I heare sweet *Martial* mourne,
See; he with tears bedews his Urne
Angry, thou art as great as he
In all (save th'Art of Flattery)
He had a *Cæsar*, who at least
Gave him a *Graunge* (though else a beast)
But thou (his Rivall) canst find none,
Worthy a Dedication;
For who would force his Muse to trudge
To himthat knows not how to judge
Nay, (which to water thrills my blood)
Cares not to gratifie a good.

But thus it hap't with him to fare,
In whom all Arts included are.
Homer, who doth all Judgments fix,
More then the dark *Apocalyps*,
Yet though reward crawle backward; this
Make thy *Asylum*; thou'lt not misse
Eternall Fame, the after times,
As Diamonds will prize thy Rimes,
And though the *Parcæ* gall thy thread,
Thou shalt survive when thou art dead:
And while thou liv'st, the wiser few
(Who know the worth of wit, what's due)
To such a Genius as is thine,
(So quaint so terse, and so Divine)
Will count it glory for to be
Partakers of thy Amitie.
This I pronounce (as back'd by Fate)
Ill know I scorn to Adulate.

ANDREW DIXON.

A due Encomium *on the Author and his Ingenious* EPIGRAMS.

THe ancient Shephards of th' *Arcadian* Plaines
Elegant were in Verse and witty Strains,

And as their Rurall title is thy Name,
So thou partak'st of their Eternall Fame:
In thy facetious Fancy Learning, Wit,
Which merit in *Apollos* Chaire to sit,
And to correct the Sisters in their Layes,
Each of which offer thee a Crown of Bayes,
Which like another *Martiall* thou dost merit,
And shalt (in these thy *Epigrams* inherit)
Which elevate thine honour to the skie,
And tells the World the Ingenuity
Of these thy lines, are of such excellence
As may be termed, (Wits rare Quint-essence)
Even in this criticall and carping Age,
When few in *Epigrams* durst vent their rage,
Yet thy *Minerva* (doubtlesse) will be free,
From Envy, as from Thunder, *Daphne's* Tree
And SHEPPARD by his sharpe ingenuous Quill,
Shall honour gaine, and grace *Parnassus* Hill.

SAMUELL
HOLLAND.

T

To the Author on his excellent EPIGRAMS.

SIr, I have read your *Epigrams*, and confess
To read them is a reall happiness.
Martiall, *Ausonius*, *Harrington*, and *Moore*,
All that have written in this kind before,
In you included are, the worth of all,
Their Wit is yours, which makes you Principall.

Vincent Howell.

EPIGRAMS

THE FIRST BOOK.

EPIG. I.

I Write of Feare, of Love, of Harme, of Hate,
Of Honour, Magnanimity, of Fate,
Of Courtezans, of Chastity, of Charmes,
Of Policie, of Perfection, and of Arms,
Of Heaven, Earth, and Hell, of Temperance,
Of Prodigallity, of Choice, of Chance,

Of

Of Knaves, of Dolts, Cowards, and Valliant (men,
Of Art, and Eloquence, and now and then
Of Kings, and Captaines, Queenes, and Queans, of Schism,
Of Theeves, and Panders, sometimes Aphorism,
Drops from my quill; thus *Proteus*-like Iv'e dealt,
To please thee *(Reader)* be thou what thou wilt.

EPIG. 2.

To my beloved Friend Mr. James Naworth, *the best way to better a bad Wife.*

FRiend, thou art yoakt, and canst not help the (thing,
(Thou seest what power there's circled in a Ring)
Better or worse, 'tis in the power of Fate,
And not in man, to alter thy estate:
Therefore take counsell; "*It is marvellous,*
"*If Husbands* (sometimes) *for to be Uxorious,*
Thou saiest she's clamorous, yea will disintogue
Too often, and not stick to call thee ROGUE.
To strike is barbarous; a better way
Observe; laugh at her, on thy *Viol* play.

If

If ſhe will needs in folly be prolix,
Sometimes inform her, that ſhe ſhames her ſex,
" *No better way to calme a womans Ire,*
" *Then to breath water, when ſhe belcheth Fire.*
But thou wilt ſay, can fleſh and blood diſpence
With ſuch incorrigible impudence ?
Know that you are incorporate ; but one
Connext, by a Celeſtiall union,
She's but thy ſelfe, caſt in another mold,
Thou art a Verbaliſt, if ſhe's a ſcold.
" *Women like Tortoiſes, are ever wonne,*
Throw her upon her back, and all is done.

EPIG. 3.

To Sir I. C. *Knight.*

WHen the Law enjoyn'd your feet
To tread the Labyrinth of the Fleet,
You were clog'd with various ſports ;
" *Bands are but Bracelets, Goales but Courts,*
Sea-borne Sturgeon, broad-ſide Breame,
The Trout that thrives againſt the ſtreame,
The Carp full laden with her ſpawne,
The Scarlet Lobſter, prick nos'd Prawne,
Oyle-ſteept Anchovis (from his brine)
Came ſwimmiug in red Seas of wine ;

The

The brawny Capon, full egg'd Hen,
The Swan, and Mallard of the Fen,
The coſtly Plover, mounting Lark,
Furniſh't your Table, (like the Arke
Preſerv'd *Ogiges*) whiles I made moane
Or'e ſmoakie beefe in *Whittington.*
Never was heard one note to ſing,
But droopt, and hung my feeble wing:
But (*Sir*) your fare my ſoul abhors,
You fed upon your Creditors.

EPIG. 4.

Of Proems.

PRoems, to *Cypreſſe* Trees we may compare,
They'r long, but yet they very fruitleſſe are.

EPIG. 5.

The proofe of Princes.

I Wonder Princes ſhould be good,
(When I conceit them fleſh and blood)

What

What change of Pleasure,
What ease, what Treasure,
Can't he Command
And not obtaine, that's Ruler o're a Land?
Who dares enquire
Or thwart's desire,
Who dare begin
To tax his Vice, or call a Sin, a Sin?
Who will not be
(Nay what is he)
Won't fan the fire,
To increase the flames, of his unblown desire?
What sawcy eye
On him dares prie?
What season will
Not wait, his Royall lust for to fulfill?
Then (sure) that Prince,
Can curbe his Sence,
Swaying his Passion,
Is more then Man, and fit to rule a Nation.

EPIG. 6.

Loving Mirabell.

MIrabell doth her Mate, so dearly love,
That if the least he from her sight do move,
Sh

She seemes as one distract, the good man once
Went out, and staid to try her for the nonce,
But when againe return'd, his dearest Wife
(whom he thought lov'd him better then her life)
Was with his friend in bed, and seeing him
She cries, oh husband, you are welcome in,
My deare affection unto you was such,
I thought I could not love your friend too much.

EPIG. 7.

Absolonisme.

AS *Absolon*, so do the Sectists now,
They mean a Ruine, but pretend a vow.

EPIG. 8.

Homer.

HOmer though blind, yet saw with his Soules eye
The secrets hid, in deep'st Philosophy,
Who while he sang the Gods, deserv'd to be
Himselfe adored, as a Dietie.

EPIG.

EPIG. 9.

To his unconstant Mistresse.

SAtan, no woman, yet a wandring spirit,
Once did hell disinherit
O'th Saylers Trade,
(By strict inquiry made)
When he saw ships saile two waies with one wind,
The Divell himself, loves not a wavering mind.

EPIG 10.

To Captaine G. D. *on his Periwig.*

SIr, this exactly doth with Justice sute,
Your Mistresse quaintly knowes to retribute,
She stole your haire (thanks to your lusts excess)
And gives you hers, though in another dress.

EPIG.

EPIG. 11.

To Mistresse E. L.

MY prettie *Protea*, thou, without a spell
Canst transform Satan to a *Michaell*,
Like those Effigies (sometimes) Artists paint,
This side a loathsome Fiend, that side a Saint.
Tis not for love of thee, but least that shame,
Should swallow thy whole sex, I shrowd thy name.

EPIG. 12.

To James Nevill *Esquire.*

BEleeve me (Sir) this Town's all on a flame,
London we now, may well *Lutetia* name,
Perfumes without, but plaisters are within,
(Take heed how with a Citty Dame you sin)
I'le sooner enter a Cole-mine, although
The reaking ventage were damd up, then go
To one of those, they Ætna alwaies beare
Beneath the navell; tremble (Sir) and feare.
"*O'tis a fatall object, and a Dire,*
"*To see Saint Anthony triumph in fire.*
You'l say, to whom then would you love professe,
T'a Country Damsell, in a City Dresse.

EPIG.

EPIG. 13.

The Letanie.

HEare me great *Jove*; from him professeth Physick,
Yet hath the Maunge, the Gout, the Cough, the (Ptyssick.

Respond. *Libera me*, &c.

For how can he have skill for my disease?
That his own rebell Tumors can't appease?

So from an Alchymist that's cloth'd in raggs,
Yet of the wonderous working Stone makes braggs.

Respond. *Libera me*, &c.

For he that cannot put fresh linnen on,
Can hardly make Brasse Gold, (as some have done.)

So from a Corpulent, or fat fed-Priest,
Who onely minds to Sleep, to quaffe, and feast.

Respond *Libera me*, &c.

For he whose fullnesse, makes him foame and pant,
Lets his own soule and others starve for want.

EPIG. 14.

On Saint Thomas.

THomas was diffident, the Scripture ſaith,
Till at his fingers ends he had his Faith.

EPIG. 15.

To my Friend Theodor Vaux.

IT is ſet down, by Heavens juſt Decree,
The Child of Riot, muſt be beggerie.
(Take caution (Friend) for "*that man ſpends with ſhame,*
"*That with his riches doth conſume his name.*

EPIG. 16.

Afflictions Beneficiall.

IT is not for our good, in eaſe to reſt;
"*Man* (like to *Caſſia*) *when bruiz'd is beſt.*

EPIG. 17.

The Incarnation of Iesus Christ our blessed Redeemer, narrated by a Shepherd.

THis night
By *Cynthias* light
A Virgin hath brought forth a sonne,
God, though clad in flesh and bone:
Prince of rest
For ever blest,
A Virgin hath brought forth a Child
Immaculate, and undefil'd,
All the Troope
Of Prophets stoope,
All the harmonious Quire of Heaven,
Archangels, Angels, t'other Seaven;
Perfect man
His life a span
Like to us, is the Heire of Glory,
Whose Kingdome is untransitory.

EPIG. 18.

An Acknowledgement.

THese Verses (*Martiall*) I compos'd to be
Tapstry, for to be trodden on by thee;

Oh may thy Genius pardon my escapes,
Some are much fam'd, for being great mens Apes.

Epig. 19.

On my Selfe.

SOme look upon me, as one rude,
Quite erring in my Altitude,
For above *Atlas* Shoulders, I
Am plac'd, and all the world do eye,
When I took for me the earthly Signe
Of *Scorpio*, in's ascent did shine,
Just in the Planetary houre
Of *Saturne*, (who doth ever lowre)
I viewd the light; it much doth winne mee,
I have part of that Plannet in me.
No way facetious am I
To toyish mirth or Jollitie,
Yet in one dreame I can compose
A *Comedy*, in Verse or Prose,
Behold the Action, apprehend
The Jest, and the quaint plot commend,
And so much of the sence partake,
As serv's to laugh my selfe awake.

EPIG. 20.

Lydia Inviolabilis si nolit.

ERrat in Argutis puer irrequietus ocellis,
Blanditur Roseis Euphrosenia labris.
Candida lactentes colit usque Aglaia papillas,
Stat propter niveos pulchra Thalia pedes.
Invidiosa nimis servat sua regna Cythere,
Hæc pateant nostris, hæc precor una locis.

EPIG. 21.

Ballad Poets.

THe *Muses* weare these patches on their (Faces
To foile their Beauties, greater then the Graces.

EPIG. 22.

Scylla and Charibdis.

Scylla's Dogs bark not more, nor yawn so wide
As Mortalls 'gainst each other in their pride,

Rejoycing to augment each others woe,
Man is to Man *Charybdis*, his worſt foe.

EPIG. 23.

PEDRO, and RODERIGO, *The one* Franciſcan, *the other a* Dominican *Frier.*

PEdro, and *Roderigo* traveling,
Came to the brink of a Religious ſpring,
But *Pedro* fearing for to wet his feet,
Prayes *Roderigo*, if he think it meet,
Since he is bare-foot, on his back to carry
Him over, and ſave charges of a Ferry,
Roderigo's willing, takes him on his backe,
And being in the mid'ſt, him thus beſpake,
Tell me good Brother, have you any Caſh;
Poore *Pedro* fearing that he would him waſh,
Replies I have, and mean to pay thee too,
(Not daring to return him anſwer, no;)
Which *Roderigo* hearing lets him fall
Ducking him over head, and ears, and all,
Saying, You know that by my order I,
Muſt beare no money, therefore, there e'ne lie.

EPIG. 24.

Acrisius *Inclosing his Daughter* Danae.

FOole ! dost thou think thy Destinie to dare,
By hiding from thy Jealous eyes thy feare:
" *Women are never wiser in their drifts,*
" *Then when by fortune forc'd unto their shifts.*
' Had not *Jove* came to *Danae* in a shower,
' Her hot Lust had dissolv'd her brazen Tower.

EPIGRAMS.

THE SECOND BOOK.

EPIG. I.

Roberto Astonio, Equiti Poetæ eximio.

TU Comes assiduus tristi mala cura dolori,
Et requiē, et somni munera grata negat.
Illa novos revocat, veteresque resuscitat (ignes,
Illa omnem ex animo spem rapit una meo,
Illa facit tristem, desolatúmque vagare,
Lumináque in duram figere cogit humo.

Quin

Quin etiam invitis lachrymas extorquet ocellis,
Pallorem in nitidas & jubet ire genas,
Et subitâ obducit macie miserabile corpus,
Sugit, et é venis sanguinis omne meis:
Hæc est, hæc memorem, quæ me vetat ire, meorum,
Hæc est, hæc memorem, quæ vetat esse, mei.

EPIG. 2.

Epitaph on I. P.

BUt are you sure he's dead, and did you heare
The Screitch-owls voyce? else tis not true I (feare,
Was the skie blasted and with thunder torne,
The Devil's seldome layd without a storme;
Yet like a fatall Comet though he's gone,
Ha's left behind a sad contagion.

EPIG. 3.

Catalines conspiracy.

IT was thy praise, thou like a Chymist chose,
To work thy poysons in the smallest Dose,
Extract of Treason, Schismes *Compendium*,
Short-hand Sedition, and Rebellions *Summe*.

To

To thee the great *Sejanus* large ſoule fell,
As did great *Pompey* at *Ericthos* ſpell.

EPIG. 4.

Confident Carrus.

THou ſaiſt thy wife flies him as her laſt houre,
And he to winne him to her hath no power.
I like thou art ſo well conceited on her,
But know, her laſt houre ſtill doth come upon (her.

EPIG. 5.

Richard *the Vſurper.*

THy active braines ow'd to *Prometheus* much,
Like Sulphur they caught flame at every (touch.
Quick thy contrivance was, thy Lamprey eyes
Where there were none, could make diſcoueries,
Diſcord thy muſick was, and in thy Bed
Thou onely ſlep'ſt, when Stormes did rock thy (Head.

EPIG.

EPIG. 6.

To Mr. E. C. *on his Spolario.*

AS unſound men, who do with Feavers burn,
Do the beſt meates to their diſeaſes turn:
So of all ſubjects, what was worſt you choſe,
Like a courſe ſearſer, ſtill the fineſt loſe.
So the beſt viper wines, if you ſtir their lee,
And hony badly ſtill'd will poyſon be.

EPIG. 7.

The Spaniſh *Armado.*

N*Eptunes* back crack'd ſo great a weight to (beare,
The Monſters of the Sea affrighted were,
Their overthrow doth cauſe proud *Spaine* to (quake,
Crying *Jove* once a Swan, is now a Drake.

EPIG.

EPIG. 8.

Borgias.

MOst excellent villaine, thou that did'st do (all,
And wer't more sin then we can think or call,
We now begin to love thee for thine ill,
As Drugsters Serpents which most venome spill.
And as from blackest clouds comes thunders (light,
And the worst leprosie is alwaies white:
So thy foule crimes are with this honour clad,
That t'was thy glory to have been so bad.

EPIG. 9.

De Amore.

SOlus Amor docuit contemnere dura pericla,
Cunctáque constanti pectore ferre mala;
Solus Amor, perque & tenebras jubet ire, viamque
Monstrat; et insidias non timuisse sinit.

EPIG.

EPIG. 10.

These Times.

LEarning doth live in penury, and bare,
While fooles grow rich, and feed on daintiest (fare.

EPIG. 11.

To Claius.

C*Laius*, thou saist, I write too misticall,
Had better write for to be read of all,
I know not, but if some not understand,
Tis sure cause Ignorance hath most command;
But yet this is *Ænigma* unto me,
How thou shouldst find out such a Mysterie.

EPIG. 12.

Ovid *banished.*

LOve break thy Bow, ye Muses sing no more,
For *Ovids* banish'd to the *Pontick* shore.

EPIG.

EPIG. 13.

On the two admirable witts, Francis Beaumont, *and* John Fletcher.

CEase *Greece* to boast of *Aristophanes*,
Or of *Menander*, or *Euripides*,
The *Comick Sock*, and *Tragick Buskin* we
Weare neatest here, in forreigne *Brittanie*:
Or if you list to struggle for the Bayes,
Wee'l fight with *Beaumont*'s, and with *Fletchers* (Playes.

EPIG. 14.

Ovid, *to* Augustus *Daughter in the Person of* Corinna.

OVID.

SInce thou did'st deigne (Soule of my life)
Within these Walk's to dally,
Me thought I saw the Nine at strife,
All taxing *Nasos* folly.

CORIN.

CORINNA.

Tell them *Augusta* claimes thy love,
Whose farr superior looks,
Commands thy measures not to move,
And bids thee burn thy books.

OVID.

Should any to *Augustus* shew
The triumph of my fate,
How should unhappy *Ovid* know
For to preuent his hate.

CORINNA.

Timorous foole dar'st thou adore
My shrine, yet feare to be
Marty'rd, as others heretofore
For Love, and Venerie.

EPIG. 15.

To our Brittish *Bards.*

TEll me Sons of *Levi*, who professe
More of the Gospell though you practise (lesse;
How

How dare you *Boanerges*, Sonnes of Thunder,
Untwist Loves knot, and break that bond in (sunder;
While in the Pulpit you revive old Jarrs,
And re-imbroyle the Kingdome in new warrs;
Whiles you preach controverting points, and (next
In parts divide the people with the text.

EPIG. 16.

Palladium Homeri.

VErtue, was the *Palladium Homer* feign'd
Kept *Troy* so long from sacking, and when (gain'd
By the curl'd pated *Greeks*, then *Illium* fell,
(*Juno* conspiring with the powers of Hell)
Religion onely bringeth peace and glory,
It is the surety of things transitory.

EPIG. 17.

In Vini abusum.

N*On olim fatuo solers Pandora Epimetheo*
Dira tot in clausa pixide damna tulit;

Quum fundo spes una imo subsidet, ut inde
Solamen miseris posset adesse malis.
Quot Dirum furias, quot tristia funera terris,
Morborum species quot tulit, atque nidis.
Quum è quin Divi pedibus hoc vitium,
Quis tulit pue Satyros? vel quis malidus Silenos?
Quisve Corymbiferi Sistra. Scyphosque Dei?

EPIG. 18.

To my Friend Mr. E. R.

FRiend, thou art farr above me, and do'st slight
Poetick Lays, wherein fond I delight:
For thou, whil'st I do *Poems* scrible, rak'st
Thy seat in *Bacchus* Temple, where thou mak'st
Lyæus flow, and quaff'st a health to those,
Who love (like thee) to drink and pledge in (prose:
Yet at thy call the Muses come, tis strange,
That when thou wilt, thou canst thy liquor chang,
Aand tipple *Aganippe*, I must learn
Thy Art, but first would thy great gaine discern.

EPIG.

EPIG. 19.

To Mr. Davenport *on his Play called the Pirate.*

MAke all the cloth you can, haste, haste (away,
The Pirate will o'retake you if you stay:
Nay, we will yeeld our selves, and this confesse,
Thou Rival'st *Shakespeare*, though thy glory's (lesse.

EPIG. 20.

A Pacification.

BY *Moses* Law, he that desir'd to take
His Captive to his bed, meaning to make
His slave his Wife, must cleane cut of her haire,
Give her new garments, and her nailes must (pare:
So let the Church of *Rome* repudiate
Her Superfluities; find her pristine State,
We two will be one flesh, hate banisht quite,
She shallbe unto us an *Israelite*.

Epig. 21.

Francis Spira.

DIvines, and dying men may talke of Hell,
But in my heart her ſeverall torments (dwell

Epig. 22.

Of Fame.

OFt have I wonder'd at it, yet tis ſo,
Fame, when ſhe liſt her Trumpet lowd will (blow
Renowning ſome with wealth and eminence,
Onely for folly, and for Impudence;
And thoſe, whoſe merits ought on earth ner'e die
She buries with them in obſcuritie.

Epig. 23.

Palinodia.

AH me me! hoc igitur fuit,
Quod Lymphæ latices olim Aganipidis

Propi

Propter, dulcisonæ Chelys
Pulsavi digitis fila trementibus,
Ut dulci Dominæ meæ
Tam gratus modò jam qui bene vixeram,
Quo nullus potior dabat
Cervici tenera brachiolum teres:
Nunc divisus ab arbitra
Et vitæ, atque vocis, lumine Lydiæ.

EPIG. 24.

Of Honour.

A Time there was (but ah) that time is gone,
When pretious Honour was bestow'd on (none
But such as for their valiant Acts did merit,
Or for their Learning Honour to inherit:
But Dastards now the Badge of Knighthood (beare,
And Fooles like to the wise respected are.

Epig. 25.

On the wondrous accident happening in Delf, *a Towne in* Holland *(much frequented by* Storks*) which Towne being accidentally set on fire, the old* Storks *perceiving the Flame to approach their Nests, attempted to carry their Young ones away, but could not, they were so weight; which perceiving, they never ceased with their wimgs spread to cover them, till both the old ones and young ones perished together.*

THe white hu'd *Stork*, that never toucheth (bough,
Whom once the foolish Frogs did King allow,
Seeing her young in flames, oh how it paines (her,
Shall she for them adventure life to lose,
Pitty bids her try, but feare restraines her,
Yet pitty her feare soon overthrowes,
And so one tombe, with her poore young, con- (taines her.

Giv

Give place Arabian *Bird, thou seek'st new breath,*
By being burnt, but she sought onely death:
Learn hence Medea, *from an* Augurs *tong,*
To cherrish, and not to destroy thy young.

EPIG. 26.

An old Woman Letcherous.

GIve over Beldame now to sport,
The young men will not thank thee for't,
Pull'st thou thy garments ner'e so hie,
They will not stoope for to descrie;
Prepare for to encounter Death,
And try to blast him with thy breath.

EPIG. 27.

Ben. Johnsons *Play, called the silent Woman.*

THe reason why this play's not counted common
Is, 'cause it doth present the silent woman.

EPIGRAMS

THE THIRD BOOK.

EPIG. I.

The Sectaries of these times.

LIke to *Goliah* they do make their brags,
Yet of the people are the taggs, and raggs:
Men of ſmall knowledge, though they (love to bawll,
Leſſe Honeſty, Diſcretion none at all.

In

In their attempts Pragmaticall,
In their humors Phantasticall,
In their profession Pharisaicall,
Their Books Hypocriticall,
Their opinions Anabaptisticall,
Their Doctrine Schismaticall,
Their words Angelicall,
Their deeds Diabolicall.
Yet these (oh *England*) are thy Gods, *o Dire!*
This *Ignis lambens* is thy holy Fire.

EPIG. 2.

A Contented Citizen called Horne.

SUre thy Progenitors all Cuckolds were,
Why should'st thou grudge, like them the (horn to beare?
Remove thy feare, thy wife's a comely Dame,
And doth report thou art so coole and tame,
She in thy body hath not least delight,
Thou not of strength to sate her appetite:
Why dost thou let thy Roomes to Gallants brave
If thou intend'st thy Wife alone to have?
Thy name is ominous, and sure I think,
For money thou, at thy Wives faults dost winke.

EPIG.

EPIG. 3.

To Penelope.

WHy ſhould'ſt not thou as farr renowned (be,
As ever was the chaſt *Penelope*
Wife to *Uliſſis*? this I dare averr,
By contraries thou imitateſt her.

EPIG. 4.

Sua Flamma.

FLamma mihi dolor eſt, flamma eſt mihi ſumma (voluptas,
Flamma mihi curæ, ſpes mihi flamma meæ:
Flamma mihi furor eſt, flamma eſt medicina furoris,
Delitiumque animi, delquiumque mei:
Flamma mihi calor, & ſimul eſt inamabile frigus,
Flamma mihi riſus, flamma mihi lachrymæ:
Flamma mihi labor, et dulcis grata aura quietis,
Flamma eſt quod fugiam, flamma quod uſque (petam:
Flamma

Flamma est quod nullo me vulnere sauciat ignis,
Flamma est quod stringit me sine compedibus:
Flamma mihi sine luce dies, sine nocte tenebræ,
Flamma agit Ingenium, flamma premitque, meum:
Flamma est quod mihi me raptat, quod me mihi red-
(dit.

Epig. 5.

To Clarissa

What though thy eyes
(Clarissa) *do surprize*
My yeelding heart,
Tis in the power of Art,
Alcon *concludes for me*
To quit this Lunacie:
What words can cheare
The wounded Deare
The Herbe being gone
Hee'd nibble on?
I burne, I burne,
I mourne, I mourne,
My selfe I tyre
In yce and fire,

Though

Though Juno *gave*
Her gesture brave,
Pallas *her skill*
Unto thy will,
Venus *her* Ceston,
Yet my blest one,
Faire Hellens *pride*
But terrifide
Her self at last
Her splendour past.
And Anaxerete
Mourns Iphys *bitterly,*
And Lydia *plaines*
In ruthfull paines,
With much rebuke
The Frizland *Duke;*
Thy lovely face
Can find no grace
With Charon *in his Boate;*
'Mongst others thou must floate:
To him all are
Alike, the foule as faire,
Prithee assent,
In Hell ther's punishment
For those, who love to try
Their lovers till they die:

Else

Else, Danaes *girls by turn,*
Ere this, had fil'd their Urn;
The Gorgons *howling there*
At first were Maydens faire,
From love they were estrang'd,
Therefore to Hages were chang'd,
So bright their beauty shone
They turnd all men to stone,
That is the power of Cupid
Made them dull and stupid,
But no reliefe mould they
Afford for to allay
A Lovers passion,
Therefore in uncouth fashion
Their once faire tresses
A Snake-haird front expresses:

* THISBE. *But the* Babylonion * *Maid,*
And Hero *who obeyd*

* LEANDER. * *Him of* Abydos, Semele
Calistho, *and faire* Ariadne,
By power Divine
Bright Constellations shine.
Teild, and Ile out-play

*HORACE. * *Him of* Venusia,
Striking mute
The Alcian *Lute,*

My

My musick shall constraine
The sad * Ephesian
In mirth for to delight
Beyond the * Abderite;
It is in me
To give Eternitie
Unto thy Name,
Or else to blast the same:
All that I crave
Is Love, for Love to have.

* HERACLITUS.

* DEMOCRITUS.

EPIG. 6.

To the most excellent Poet, Sir William Davenant.

WHat though some shallow Sciolists dare (prate,
And scoffing thee; *Apollo* nauseate:
What *Venus* hath snatch'd from thee, cruelly,
Minerva, with advantage doth supply:
Johnson is dead, let *Sherly* stoope to Fate,
And thou alone, art Poet Lawreate.

Epig. 7.

Sperandum esse.

Quid jam est, quod ante non se
Invenit esse; quid jam est
Quod non erit; futuri
Revolutione ab ævi:
Quod jam vides vbique
Subito recedet; & non
Existet idem, at illud
Quod non erat, subinde
Exurget, hinc peribit,
Ita nil vetus novumve est,
Speremus ergo; non si
Male nunc & olim erit sic.

Epig. 8.

Of Sillius.

Sillius, himselfe doth to the Starres apply,
And saies, they are the Book of Destiny,
List he to ride in's Coach but to *Mile-End*
By the *Almanack* he doth the houre attend.

If

If his eye-corner itch, the remedy
From calculation of's Nativity
He fetches, but at this I wonder much;
How he should break his neck, whose skill was (such.

EPIG. 9.

The fall of the Druinian *Oake.*

THe clap of this dire thunder sounds
From *Ganges*, to *Atlides* bounds!
Earths Monarks stand amazed all,
To heare an Act so Tragicall;
They Rest forsake, Repast forbeare,
And do the selfe same fortune feare.

EPIG. 10.

To my Friend Lucius Varrus.

HOw can I chuse, but like mount *Etna* glow,
Though I *Carnesse* made my drink each day,
Or fed on frigid lettuce, and lay low
Upon the humble earth, Love to allay:
Her skin for whiteneſſe passeth *Atlas* snow,
Her cheeks the Roses that in *Juny* grow:

Her crisped locks do out-shine *Lybian* Gold,
Her teeth the pearles, in finely *Ormus* sold;
Her lipps as Cherries, breath as incense flow,
Her eyes as pure Christall Heavens show;
Her tongue, like *Lydian* Musick, doth delight,
Then how can I (Friend *Varrus*) want her sight;
Her presence can alone preserve my breath,
Her losse (to me) is Famine, War, and Death.

Epig. 11.

De Cupidine arante.

Vacuum pugnaverunt
Pastoque illi arcu
Cepit repentè curvè
Prensare dentem aratri
Verum movere terra
Glebas Deo volenti,
Torrus per arva taurus
Quæsitus, inque toto
Armenta nulla campo
Lætus ergo parvis
Domum intrans ignea
Et opus quis, inquit, erat
Terrarum obire nobis,
Quum servet ipse Olympus
Taurum mihi tonantem.

Epig. 12.

Carbo the Courtier.

Carbo a great Astrologer is grown,
The Plannets motions unto him are known,
And all the Signes, he most judiciously
Observ's, black patches under either eye
He places, and so variable proves,
He them misplaces, as the Signe removes:
Nor Warlike *Mars*, nor potent *Jupiter*,
Were Rulers at his birth, but onely her
Whom * *Alexander* gave the Apple to,
For which *Saturnia* wrought the *Trojans* woe:
That fatall Apple which faire *Ilion* fir'd,
Is mightily by this Musk cat desir'd,
Variety of Females make his skin
Look parch'd, and all his marrow frie within.

* *Paris.*

Epig. 13.

On a Lady singing.

WHat Heavenly sounds inchant my eares,
Passing the Musick of the Spheares?

Me thinks I heare a Mellodie
Better then *Arions* harmonie,
The quavering of a well tun'd voyce
Making a most Celestiall noise.
Angel-like Quires that sing in Heaven,
The Muses Nine, the Plannets Seven
Stand still, and listning do admire
These songs, equall t' *Apollos* Lyre.

EPIG. 14.

To my noble Friend Van Velsen, *the merited praise of the famous City of* Amsterdam.

B*Elgias* bright glory we may call
This Towne, who from the Rivers fall
Call'd *DAM*, hath name; the People ne're
For ought save clothes, and meat did care,
Hence *Amsterdam*, and with the name
Its Fortune hath increas'd, and Fame:
Known to farr Coasts, and Continents,
And may well, for the good it vents,
Tis Rich in corne, in Flesh, and Fish,
And all that Heart can think or wish,

And to ſpeake truth it ſeemes to hold
Tage, Hermus, and *Pactolus* gold.

EPIG. 15.

Epitaph on Prince Henry.

HEre lies Prince *Henry*, I dare ſay no more,
Leſt after times this Sepulcher Adore.

EPIG. 16.

The Lady E. D. *had her Picture drawn thus.*

IN her faire hand juſt overthwart her wombe
A green bay-branch, one ſprig whereof did (come
Up to her Heart, another downward ranne,
Shading the place of procreation:
And croſſe the branch theſe words all might (eſpie,
"*Fetch'd from the Fields, Here let me never die.*
Upon the upper ſprig was written, *HITHER*,
Upon the lower, (who would not come) (*THITHER.*

Epig. 17.

Joves *Cup-Bearer.*

SWeet *Ganimed*, ſnatch'd from the *Idean* Hill
By *Joves* appointment, Nectar for to fill
Unto him, and the reſt o'th' Dieties,
The Allegory fitly this implies.
" Ganimed, *or the underſtanding Soule,*
" *The beauteous mind not clog'd with error foule,*
" *(So drawing neare the nature of great* Jove)
" *Is rap't to Heaven by his Eternall love.*

Epig. 18.

Wicked Myrha.

WHat will none ſerve for to allay thy fit
Is there no young man ablest then
(Sy
For to content thee? See, ſhe hath her will,
Her Father ſpoxe with her all night, until
Aurora bluſhes, thou had'ſt ne're more need
(Lady) to leave old *Tythons* bed with ſpeed,
Se

See the old man, when he beholds her face,
Knows tis his Daughter, and bewailes his case.
Her crime he'd expiate with her hot blood,
Behold she flies into a neighbouring wood,
Not worthy for to breath, the Gods Decree,
She is transformed to a weeping Tree.

EPIG. 19.

To Cupid.

GOd of hearts Prithee be gon,
Forsake my homely Mansion,
Thy Diety is all to great
On Parsly for too make thy meat,
Such, as to my Lares I
Offer up nocturnally;
Lucullus doth not harbor here,
But *Cato* with his beard austere.

EPIG. 20.

Homers Prophesie of our Saviours Incarnation and Passion, &c.

Odiss. 12.

THE FABLE.

THe Inferior Gods (*saith Homer*) once did (vie
With *Saturns* Son, for the Supremacie,
His Balls, and flashie fumes they overcome,
And doome him to the *Mare Mortuum*;
Ore which no bird what e're unstruck, with death
Can stretch her wings, so poysonous a breath
The Lake evaporates, it ever fries
Ejecting Bitumen unto the skies,
Therefore the *Grecian* Bards thought fit to name
This Pond *Avernus*, to expresse the same
In its true nature, here the once great *Jove*
Sit's a sad exile, no one dares to prove
A danger for his rescue, he must lie
Secluded here, untill he starve and die.
But the *Olympick* Thunderer must not so
Perish i'th' dark, twelve Doves together goe
Con-

Conglomerating in a winged dance
Over the lake of *Sodome* they advance,
To the distressed God they *Nectar* bring,
Which tasted, He againe is Lord and King
Of Heaven and earth, his twelve deliverers, he
(One whereof fell into the dreadfull Sea)
Before him calls, their number he makes even,
And gives them residence, neare him in Heaven.

THE ALLEGORY.

MIraculous Prediction, sugered song,
Wonderously warbled by an Heathens (tongue,
Christ the true *Jove*, the Lord and King of Hea- (ven,
By the Decree of Providence was driven
As't were in exile, doom'd mans form to take,
Our Grandfyres Garden-Sin to expiate;
Twelve Dovelike men (regard their innocence)
(Not tutord in the Schole of eloquence)
When by sterne Tyrants rage, Christs sacred (Truth
Lay gasping, kill'd in'ts Non-age, ere grown (youth,
From their mellifluous mouthes such *Nectar* (flowes,
The infant *Veritie* a strong man growes,

And

And *Jesus* is acknowledg'd the sole Lord
Of Heaven and Earth, *Judas* a deed abhor'd
(Put on by unresisted power of Fate)
To his damnation, dares to perpetrate,
Into *Avernus* falls, (black *Baratthrum*
The wickeds burning *Mare Mortuum*)
But the worlds Architector doth supply
That losse, and makes up the Society;
When in the shape of fiery tongues his spirit
Findes a fit man, the office to inherit,
Who now in one mixt concord joyntly sing,
Tryumphant *Peans* to their Heavenly King.

Epig. 21.

To Mr. Glascow, *a solution of his Question, what Wit is, and who ought chiefly to drink Sherrie.*

HEe's wittie, and he onely, that can speak
Things little greatly, and things dull and (weake
In their own entity, can so embelish
With flowry eloquence, that they shall relish
The nicest pallat, can make Barren things
And empty, honoured as the Acts of Kings,
Rendering

Rendering them fruitfully, and fully too,
The man (my *Glascow*) that these things can do
May be called wittie, for his skill Divine,
And worth the favour of the God of Wine.

Epig. 22.

Joves Raping Europa.

IF we beleeve the wittie *Sutnian Jove*,
Was pleas'd (in shape) a lustfull Bull to prove
In all proportion, (sure) as strong as he
Leap't the prodigious lustfull *Pasiphæ*)
For faire *Europa* sake; great *Jove thy* brow
Should have had hornes, when *Io* was a Cow.

Epig. 23.

Lucians memoriall.

COuld *Charon* chuse but laugh alow'd,
To see thy Soule mongst others crowd,
(Who with such art did'st him deride)
To have passage to the other side,

Or

Or wer't thou not so much abhord
By him, he threw thee over board,
Hating thy Trunke should lade his Wherrie;
Now in *Cocytus* fishes worrie
Thy Ravens Soule, (Fishes in Forme)
As once thy carrion lumpe was torne
On earth, thou can'st not now aspire
To carp at the *Meonian* Lyre;
Excellent Rogue erect thy eyes,
See all the deathlesse Dieties
Laugh at thy dolor, and esteem
It just, because thou didst blaspheme.

EPIG. 24.

The transformation of Narcissus.

N*Arcissus*, once a *Cupid*, add but wings,
Who too much trusted to deceitfull springs,
A flower now to the flood enclines, and so
By that which was his ruine, he doth grow:
While with *Narcissus* on our selves we doate,
We lose our selves, and act we know not what.

EPIG. 25.

Tis money makes the man.

NOw onely wealth prevailes, let him be base
Descended, of a vile and vulgar race,
Be he a sot, a foole, yea a meere swine,
Yet if he have but money, and goe fine,
He shall be honour'd by our sonnes of earth,
As the best he that comes of noble birth:
Be he debauch'd, yet he's a second *Cato*,
Money makes him divine, he equalls *Plato*:
He's Virtuous, Wise, well borne, and what you (will,
That can with money, both his pockets fill.

EPIG. 26.

To Mrs. Rhodes.

SItting, reading, ever spinning,
Knitting, kneading, never linning,
Painting, progging, ever doing,
Fainting, cogging, ever woing

For knacks, as Girdles, Ribbons, Lace,
Striving at Feasts for the best place,
Yet still at hatred, spited, loathed,
As unto Lust, and Hell betrothed;
Well may it be if truely *Bernard* sweares,
That Devils fray thy eyes, and stop thy eares.

EPIG. 27.

Epitaph on a young man that dyed on his Wedding Day.

HTimen hath lost his honour, here doth lie
A young man, who as soon as wed, did die.

EPIG. 28.

On the death of Mary *Queen of Scots.*

THe doome of Judges fore appointed,
Racking the Law beyond all reason
To death condemn'd a Queen anointed.
Without allegiance finding Treason:

The

The Axe to do the execution
Shun'd to cut of a head once crown'd,
The Hangman lost his Resolution,
To kill a Queen so much renown'd:
Remorse in hangmen, and in steele,
Yet Judges no remorse to feele?
O henceforth may there ne'er be seen
By *English* eyes, a headlesse Queen.

EPIG. 29.

To my much honoured uncle M. Paul Clapham.

WHy bring'st thou not to light thy worthy (layes?
That we may crown thee with a wreath (of Bays
But thou art wiser far (alas) then I,
And scorn'st to have those judge thy poesie:
Whose sordid souls cannot afford them Art
Of *Hopkins* maymed Psalmes to sing a part,
Who take the lines to pieces that they read,
Wound some, wire-drawing others, and do (need

A Prompter, *M. P's*, Sonnets to con or A,
But let not these, Deare Sir, I you implore
Hinder the wise from what they else might gaine,
Who shall with shouts reward your learned (paine:

" *For though we cannot vie the tongues of Poets,*
" *'Twere madnesse therefore to pull down the Schools.*

EPIG. 30.

On Sir Phillip Sydneys *Decease.*

WHen * *Æricina* saw brave *Sydney* die,
She threw her purple *Ceston* clean away:
(As when *Adonis* bath'd in blood did lie
At her faire feet) weeping, she thus did say;
For *Mars* I plaine, and not for him alone,
In *Sydney*; *Mars*, and * *Sminthus* both are gone.

* *Venus.* * *A name of Apollo.*

EPIG. 31.

Disorder the fore-runner of Ruine.

BOth bodies Politick, and Naturall,
By this ill-shaped enemy doe fall:

* Christen-

* Christendomes whip, who now doth soare so (high,
By this in her own ruine low shall lie,
Factions those *Comma*'s are, ordain'd by God,
When he'l bring Kingdomes to their *period*.

* *The Ottoman Empire.*

Epig. 32.

A journey to Totnam *Court.*

IT was the time when Lady *VER* had dight
The earth with garments green, and pleasant (flowers,
When Virgins for to walk the fields delight,
There for to sport them with their Paramours.

I (with a crew of those, whose youthfull blood
Did swiftly glide within them) went to walke,
All of us being in a merry mood,
Joves thigh-borne sonne compell'd our tongues (to talke.

With us a traine of Nymphs, in garments gay,
Whose beauties dim'd the Sun, did passe along,
And unto *Totnam* Court we took our way,
To heare sweet *Philomell's* delitious song.

But so it hap'd, the Heavens began to lowre,
While thunder rent the Aire, the lightning flame
Shot from the Clouds, who 'gan amaine to (powre
Jove squeez'd their spungie sides, and now we (came

For shelter, to a pleasant seated Grove,
Whose branches met; there each man did im- (brace
A Beauty, and I think the Queen of Love,
Had tane up that for her residing place.
For er'e we parted thence the Lasses brave,
Had what *Æneas* unto *Dido* gave.

EPIG. 33.

Valour alwaies accompanied with Love.

THey swell with *LOVE*, that are with (*VALOUR* prest
VENUS DOVES, in a head-piece wish n
rest

EPIG

Epig. 34.

To Mr. K. R.

IF thou art injur'd, thank thy own deceit,
Serpents prove Dragons, when they Serpents (eate,

Epig. 35.

Lodowick and Artesia.

LOrd *Lodowick* with *Artesia* walking was,
And hapning through a Galery to passe
Where many Antick Statues they espie,
Some on their feet, some on the ground to lie:
Artesia, whose bright eyes about did rove,
Espies *Sylvanus* nak'd, as in a Grove
With pendents hanging ore his privities,
(Which were carv'd out, of a most wonderous (size)
Quoth then *Artesia*, (*Lodowick*) who is this,
That looks so gravely, and yet naked is?

He anſwers (*Madam*) verily to me
One of the ſix Clerks he doth ſeem to be.
Why think you ſo ſaid ſhe? ſaid he, look then,
And ſee his mighty Inkhorne, and his Pen.

EPIG. 36.

The baſeneſſe of the preſent age.

1

O That (if Fate ſo pleaſed (I now were one
The Palfray, that ſame chaſte and wonde-
(rous wight
Beſtrod, and cleft the Ayre, *BELLEROPHON*,
Or in *Medeas* Charriot took my flight

2

To ſome ſtrange Country not inhabited
With humans, but a wilde and barren waſte,
Whereas the * *LOTOS* Tree, his boughs doth
(ſpread,
Whoſe fruit I'de prize 'bove all by men em-
(brac'd.

* *The fruit of this tree, according to* Homer, *whoſoever taſted, quite forgot his Country, and what ever before happened to him.*

For

3

For that rare fruit, my moſt ingratefull ſoile,
Would make me ſoon forget, and I ne're more
Should back return 'mongſt Furies for to toile,
Who (with fond *Mydas*) wiſh for golden oare:

4

And nothing elſe eſteem, for ſhould they heare
Apollo ſtrike his ſtrings, (unto their ſence)
Even Ruſtick *Pan* the Lawrell wreath ſhould (weare,
And before *Sol* have the preheminence:
I grovell on the ground, and fooles do ſtride
Over my bulke, and on my back do ride.

EPIG. 37.

On the death of that Incomparable Hero, *Sir* Walter Rawleigh *Knight.*

LIke to the *Athenians*, when with furious ire,
Againſt learn'd *Socrates* they did conſpire,
After his death themſelv's were like to ſlay,
For ſorrow they had made him ſo away:

And having carv'd his Statue out in brasse,
Erected it within their Market place,
And to him offered *Myrhe*, and *Spicerie*,
Adoring him, as if some Dietie.

So we, while thou on earth with us didst live,
Slighted thy worth, not having hearts to give
Thee thanks, and honour for that * gift of thine,
The lovely Issue of thy braines divine:
But now thou art not with us, we look on
Thy book, and wonder at thee being gone.
Rest sacred spirit, while thy work shall be
Devoutly honoured by Posteritie.

* *History of the World.*

Epig. 38.

On Mr. Sands *inimitable translation of* Ovids Metamorphosis.

TEll me did'st thou converse with *Ovid's* (Spirit
Converse, said I, most sure thou didst inherit
His Soule, I now will credit thy relation,
That soules transplanted are by transmigration;

For when I read thy work, and it compare
With *Naso*'s own, to me it doth appeare
Thou hast out-done him, and his Latine Verse,
(Pure and unspotted) while thou dost reherse
In our own tongu, is grac'd and made more high
Then when t'was absent from each vulgar eye.

EPIG. 39.

The power of money, to Sir Edward Buzbey *Knight.*

EVen the Gods with gold are fed,
Jove resteth in a golden Bed:
Gold helpes in peace, prevailes in Warres,
Causeth debate, compoundeth Jarres,
It beares with it such potent sway,
Earth, Aire, and Sea, to it obey:
It breaks down Towers, (such power it claimes)
And Cities wrapt in eager flames:
To give me gold, would any be
Enclin'd, he in my Poesie
(Which 'twixt my fingers — thus — I streine)
Should find a bright and golden veine.

EPIG. 40.

A Simile.

THe Frogs will ſing, though wanting wooll (or haire,
Therefore to them we Poets may compare.

EPIG. 41.

An Apollogie to Sir Thomas Engham.

SIR,
BLame me not although I flag,
My wings are wet, I needs muſt lag,
I taſt ('tis true) the holy ſpring,
But theu am forc'd Swan-like to ſing
My own ſad Fate, Swans ſhould have faire
Weather to ſing in; clogg'd with care
Who's he can clime *Pernaſſus* Hill?
I'me with my Fortune jarring ſtill:

The

The reason why I am so hoarse,
Lost to my singing, and discourse.

EPIG. 42.

To Sir Alexander Wroth, *of the most noble Order of the Garter Knight, a Resolution to his Demand*, &c.

AS *Sarums* beauteous Countesse in a Dance
Let fall her spangled Garter, that great (* King,
Who layd such powerfull claime to fertill *France*,
By accident himselfe took up the String;
The Origen from hence that order came,
O high Originall —- oh monstrous shame—
That fam'd Installment is eclips'd, and we
Give it to meane and vile a Pedigree:
Truth is victorious, * *Richard* (that brave King)
At *Acon* pleas'd to tie a leather string
About each Souldiers Leg, with his own hand,
Thence came this order (famous in our Land)
But (Sir) I leav't to you, pray chuse you whether
You'l have the Countesse Sylke, or Souldiers (leather.

* *Edward* 3. * *The* 1.

EPIG.

Epig. 43.

On the probable continuance of these Civill Warrs, the Scot, *and* Irish *not reduced.*

OH now after a little ease
We must againe our weapons weild,
Bee't so, since war must purchase Peace
Lets take the Field.

But see (oh wretched Land) how thinne
And barren thou of Natives art,
Thy much presumption is thy sinne,
Thou need's must smart.

Money the nerv's of War is wanting,
Yet thou another Shock must stand,
Thy wounded heart full sore lies panting,
Oh dying Land.

The fleering *Hollander*, and *France*,
Rejoyce to see *Ærynnis* reigne,
That thou must lead a second dance,
To thy own bane.

Yee

Yee Heavens, must *Marius* once more rise
From the *Minturnian* lake,
And *Scilla* horrid death devise
His ire to slake.

* *Pharsalias* fields our eyes have seene,
And must *Philippie's* battaile end
The Harvest, the corn yet but greene,
Oh Heaven defend.

* *Naseby.*

EPIG. 44.

King Arthur.

GReat *Arthur* worthy Fame, but that
Thy Acts are told by those who chat
Of *Hamptons* cut-throat, and the Knight
Of the Red Rose, (that sanguine wight)
The errors of some Monkish pen
Doth wound thy honour, farr more then
The *Saxons* could thy body; he,
That kild such truthes with Forgerie,
Deserv's to have his hand lop't off,
Thy legend is but wise mens scoffe,

When

When truth and falſehood mingled lie,
All's falſhood to Poſteritie;
* Ther's truth enough in thy faire ſtory
For ever to enſhrine thy Glory.

* *Without Fabulous Legends.*

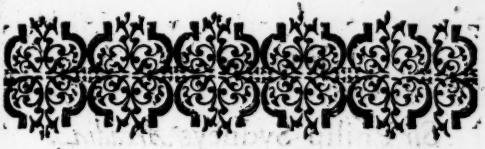
EPIG. 45.

Lots Wife turned to a Pillar of Salt.

THis is a Sepulcher, a Body too,
A Sepulcher or Body chuſe you whether,
A Riddle ſtrange, one, yet diſtinctly two,
A Sepulcher and Body both together:
This fatall fortune fell to *Niobe*,
Yet this the odds; this the more Savorie.

The end of the third Book.

EPIG-



EPIGRAMS.

THE FOVRTH BOOK.

EPIG. I.

On the death of I. P.

NOne di'de more griev'd, we all la-
(ment thy Fate,
So as we do our Sins, which we most
(hate.

EPIG. 2.

Sir Philip Sydneys *Arcadia*.

SIr, you are at the Races end before us,
But must acknowledge thanks to *HELIO-*
(DORUS,
Your Romance is most rare, yet halfe it's fame
Had been eclips'd, had any other name
Troubled the Title Page, each Ladies Kidney
Twitter'd to heare but of the Name of *Sydney*.

EPIG. 3.

To Doctor Bulwer, *on his artificiall* CHANGELING.

VEre *Naso* now alive, and should he see
Thy Book full fraught with Ingenuitie,
He would write or'e his changed shapes anew,
Or scorne to weare the Chaplet that's thy due:
Those that read thee, and find no change at all,
Are Changelings, not by Art, but Naturall.

EPIG.

EPIG. 4.

Ad Sodales.

STellas polus micantes,
Orbem orbis, ignis auras,
Auraque aquas, aquaque
Terra Sinus capacis,
Homines feraſque terra
Complectitur, fovetque:
Quid ergo me decoram
Vetatis, ô Sodales,
Complectier Puellam.

EPIG. 5.

On Lucians *true Hiſtory.*

THat there were Snake-foote Gyants, that a (Ring
Obſcur'd the perſon of the *Lydian* King,

That

That *Ixion* got a race of halfe horse-men,
That *Hercules* drew *Cacus* from his Den,
That *Vulcans* shop's in the Island *Lemnos*, where
He forgeth fire-balls for the Thunderer,
That the two *Gorgons* could transforme to stone
All those unhappy men they look'd upon;
Are things so credible compar'd with those,
Weav'd by thy wilie hand in looser prose,
I will beleeve them all, and as I read
Register each an Article of Creede:
Great Lord of Lying, I applaude thy wit,
But wish none, save thy self, may Father it.

EPIG. 6.

AN HYMN TO BACCHUS.

To Sir THOMAS ENGHAM.

YVie deck'd God, with dangling haire,
Unto thy Rites we make repaire,
As is thy Right
This Gloomie Night.
Thou that hast thy tresses bound
With Vernall flowers, and Miter crownd,
Now curiously
In knots thy tresses tie.

As when of thy ſtep-dame affraide
Thou rarely counterfeit'ſt a maide,
Come hither dreſt,
I'th robes and naked breſt.
Thoſe Nations who do *Ganges* drinke,
And ſlide in cold *Araxis* brink,
Could not thee behold
In thy Chariots rooff'd with gold.
Untamed Lyons dragg thy Carre,
Then *Hyrcian* Tygers fiercer farre,
Silenus on's lean Jade
With thee himſelf doth ſhade.
Drunke Prieſts thy Orgies celebrate,
Baſarian Froes upon thee waite
With *INO*, the *Nereides*,
And thy Aunt in ſacred Seas.
The Stranger Boy there make's abode,
Thy Son *PALEMON* (held a God)
Pactolus thy burthen tride,
(Whoſe waves bright gold do hide)
Thy power, *Lycurgus* Kingdome knowes,
Zedacians too, where *Boreas* blowes,
On hoarie trees that ſhake
Yſicles, in *Mœotis* lake.
Thoſe under the *Arcadian* ſtarr,
The Northern and ſlow Waggoner
Sound thy applauſe i'th skies,
Luſtieſt of the Dieties.

Naxos, girt with *Ægean* wave,
A bed to *Ariadne* gave,
Her losse repair'd by thee:
Oh let thy pleasures be
Sent hither by some frantick hand,
Let us drink deep at thy command,
Set ope thy flowing Springs,
Create us potent Kings.
Thou art our *LÆTHE*, we preferre
Thee too, for our *REMEMBRANCER*,
Come not arm'd Cap-a-pe
Lapethites we would not be.
O come not frowning we implore,
Let not thy surly Lyons roare,
Messagians quaffe Beasts blood,
None but thine can do us good.
That so the watch-man, and his bill
At Christs-Church corner may stand still:
Our Drawer flie his Fate,
Who feares a broken pate, *&c.*

Not finished.

EPIG. 7.

To LILLIE *the Starre-Gazer.*

WHat weather waites upon the *Hyades*,
Orions progresse, and the *Pleiades*,
Arcturus and his Sonnes, with the two Beares,
Cynthias revolv's, the motions of the Spheares;
And what * *Pelides* * Schoolmaster doth doe;
Whether the Sun (so bright to humane view)
Be not a lumpe of matter, made red hot
With fire, (at first by fervent heate begot?)
And whether pale-fac'd *Cynthia* so unstable,
Be not a Region, (though inhabitable?)
What * *Zoroastes*, and the *Chaldes* taught,
And what *Ægyptian Ptolomey* hath brought
To light, thou know'st (Oh Emperick Divine)
Predicting with the liver of a Swine.

* ACHILLES. * CHIRON. * *Astrorum Cultor.*

EPIG. 8.

Nihil omni parte beatum.

DUlcius harmoniâ Cœli quid credimus esse,
Est tamen a resonis sors quoque dura polis.

Sole quid utilius? tamen idem corpora frangit,
Quid face lucidius noctis? at illa levis:
Munera cunctorum tulerat Pandora *Deorum,*
Quæ pestes homini, quæ mala sola dedit.
Deme tamen superis connexos orbibus orbes,
Non homo, non quadrupes, piscis & Ales erit:
Solem aufer, nox una oculis erit obvia nostris,
Deme facem Phœbes, causaque noctis erit.
Non Pandoram homini est hominem nocuisse putandum,
Iapetioniadæ, cor sine mente fuit:
Cuncta nocent, prosunt re, nil sine labe bonoque,
Da mihi pro damnis basia, Nympha, tuis.

EPIG. 9.

DEDALUS, *and* ICARUS, A DIALOGUE.

DEDALUS.

WHy striv'st thou to salute the Sun,
Soaring above thy Syre?
(Deare boy) *Sols* radient luster shun,
Thy wings can't brook his fire.

ICARUS

ICARUS.

To ſport thus 'twixt the Aire and Sea,
Oh how it glads my ſence,
To doubt a danger, ſeemes to me
But fooliſh diffidence.

DEDALUS.

From cruell *Minos, Cretan* Tower,
Have I eſcap'd by skill,
To ſee theſe Waves my Son devoure,
(Raſh youth) then uſe thy Will.

ICARUS.

Now up unto *Olympick Jove*
I'le take my ſpeedy flight,
Theſe Pinnions were not made to move,
But in the Angels ſight.

DEDALUS.

Deſcend (fond youth) ere't be too late,
Thy waxen wings do frie,
Thy wretched Father wailes thy fate,
Thoſe muſt fall low, mount high.

ICARUS.

Oh Father (ſee) I fall, I fall,
And plunge into the deepe,
" *This Deſtinie muſt waite on all*
" *That in no* Medium *keepe.*

DEDALUS.

So drops ſome erring Starre, farewell
Deare *Icarus*, thy Fame
Shall not with thee find paralell,
This Sea ſhall beare thy name.

EPIG. 10.

To Clio, *having but begun my Faerie King.*

O Muſe, what doſt thou whiſper in my eare?
What thou ſuggeſts to me I dare not heare
Find thee an abler Agent, alas I
Am all unfit for Warlike Poeſie,
To ſing the Acts of *Heros*, and compile
The Deeds of Kings, in a full heightned ſtile,

Is ſuch a task I dare not undergoe,
How to begin, or end, I do not know:
And more, if *Spencer* could not ſcape the ſpite
Of tougues malevolent, whoſe gentle ſpright
Prompted him, ſo meek as never man
Before him could, nor (I think) ever can,
I then ſhall (ſure) be bitt to death, but yet
If thou commandeſt that I forward ſet,
I will not be rebellious, but deſire,
Thoult warme my boſome with thy hotteſt fire.

EPIG. 11.

To Iudge Jenkins.

SIr be content, it grieves not me at all,
The Goſpell Cajold, that the Law ſhould (fall.

EPIG. 12.

To the Illustrious Cardinall Mazerine, *his Victory lately obtained over the* Spanish *Army under the Archduke* Leopold.

NOw hast thou silenc'd Slander, par'd the (clawes
O'th *Blatant* Beast, and given *Gallia* cause
To curse her fond misprission, and apply
Her selfe to thee, (great Lord of Loyaltie)
Not long agoe twas hop'd a fine pretence
Should send thee to the Land of Diffidence,
——But by thy skill
The Scene is chang'd, ascend (great Sir) untill
Thy loyall head knock 'gainst the arched skie,
While the * *Iberians* howle thy memory.

* *Spaine, anciently called* Iberia.

EPIG. 13.

To Mr. E. C. *the Lawyer.*

THou haſt a voice ſo ſharpe, ſo ſhrill, and (peircing,
When thou art *Littleton*, or *Cooke* rehearſing,
That though thy beard beſpeake thee man, thy (tongue
Proclaimes thee woman, or that thou had'ſt (wrong
Beneath the navell, I conclude that Fate,
Shap'd thee both to conceive, and generate.

EPIG. 14.

All is not Gold that Gliſters.

GLorie's like Glow-womres, afarre-off ſhine (cleare,
But have nor heate, nor light, if look't too neere.

EPIG. 15.

A Catholick Medicine to cure the Passion of Love.

HArd fare will famish Love, if that not doe,
Time, and long absence will impaire thy (woe:
View others beauties, if that will not speed,
Then take a Halter, that will do the deed.

EPIG. 16.

To Mr. E. G.

YOu gave me Gold, I did accept your gift,
But give me leave for to refuse your drift.

EPIG. 17.

A Dialogue maintained by five, viz. *the Poet, Clio, Povertie, Ignorance, Mammon.*

CLIO.

HIther direct thy steps, descend this Cave,
Castalia call'd here, thou a place shalt have
To heare our Harmonie, here *Homer* sate,
When he his high immortall *Illiads* wrote,
Here *Orpheus* penn'd his *Hymns*, here *Maro* sung
Æneas Travells with a golden tongue:
Here *Pindar*, and *Anacreon* did devise
Their *Odes*, which since none er'e could equalize:
Here *Flaccus*, *Naso*, *Spencer*, hath been seen,
I help'd the last to frame his Faerie Queen:
Here make thy selfe Immortall, taste this spring,
Which will informe thee like some God to sing,
And though (perhaps) thou taste of some af-
(fliction,
It shall be sweetned by our Benediction.

POVER-

POVERTIE.

If to her charmes thou listen, then with me
Thou must expect torne Raggs, and Penurie,
For to converse with want in some darke Den,
Shunning, and shunned of all other men,
Thy whole life one continued Scene of carke,
Leaving the world despised, and in the darke.

POET.

Twixt *Scilla* and *Charydis*, thus I stand,
Not knowing which to take on either hand,
This way my *Genius* wills me for to goe,
But wise foreseeing caution answers, no.

IGNORANCE.

Looke this way, erring mortall, learn to know
What gratitude to me the World doth owe,
Tis I that graspe both Poles, and unto me,
Both Love and Honour Vassalized be,
He that hath me to friend, can never want,
" *Hee's onely happy that is ignorant*.:
Knowledge confoundeth knowledge, what got he,
So much renowned for his Poesie,

But blindeneſſe, nakedneſſe, and hunger ſharpe,
Yea ſometimes forced for to pawne his Harpe:
And he that wrote *The Art of Love, the Rapes*
Of Jupiter, *and of transformed ſhapes*,
Found baniſhment the guerdion of his wit,
He curſt his Veine, and wilt thou Father it:
Combine with me, and my endowments trie,
Thou liberally ſhalt live, and wealthy die.

MAMMON.

If credence to her words thoul't not afford,
Unſtable man, take thou God *Mammons* word,
Pluto hath made me Maſter of his Treaſure,
I have whole Hills of *Ophyr*, Gold at pleaſure,
For to diſpoſe to them, I lift t'advance,
Who bow the knee to God-like *Ignorance*;
Hee's mad, that literature or Science chuſes,
Hee's trebly plagu'd, that's loved of the Muſes:
Turne or'e blind *Homers* workes, conſume thy (time,
Till thou grow'ſt hoarſe in reading *Maro's* (Rhime,
Or take thou *Platos* Proſe his Schollar too,
And con or'e him, who Natures ſecrets knew,
Yet with the Firſt thou'lt die a wretched man,
Or with the laſt, periſh ith' Ocean.

CLIO.

CLIO.

Behold this wreath, pluck'd from that Damsell (bright,
Tunr'd into Lawrell by the God of Light.

MAMMON.

View this refulgent Oare, these heapes of Pearle.

IGNORANCE.

Be *Ignorant*, and be a Lord or Earle.

CLIO.

Converse with us, and famous shalt thou bee,
Canoniz'd unto all Posteritie.

POET.

Thrice sacred Virgin, unto thee I come,
Thou onely lead'st unto *Elizium*.
Though Folly glorious seem, thou art more faire,

POVERTIE.

Here I adopt thee then, my lawfull Heyre.

POET.

POET.

And welcome Poverty, thou art my choyce,
Oh that I could but beg with *Homers* voyce

EPIG. 18.

A defiance to Fortune.

DO thy worst (whore) I will not Cry,
Although thou pinch me till I die,
Throw me down on the vilest earth,
Let one ill give another birth,
Cloath me in raggs, yea let me be
Scornd by all Mortalls, as by thee,
Yet like my selfe I needs must fall,
Though in a Ruine Generall.

EPIG. 19.

The Poets invitation to Ben Johnsons *Ghost to appeare again.*

REverend shade,
Since last I made
Survey of thee,
Mee thinks I find
A fresher mind
To Poesie.

Most honoured *Ben*
Appeare agen,
That so I may,
Embrace thy Ghost,
Although it cost
My lifes decay.

Sacred Spirit
Whose boundlesse merit
I Adore,
Upon thy Herse
I'le drop a Verse
And no more.

Thy Lawrell wreath
Doth lie beneath
Great *Phæbus* feet,
Hee askes of thee
Which way to be
A God more great.

Thou *Ben* ſhalt be
A Saint to me
Each Verſe I make,
I'le cenſure it
By thy great Wit,
If it partake

The leaſt of thine,
I will Divine
It ſhall ſubſiſt,
Alas if not
The ſame I'le blot,
'Twil not be miſt.

EPIG. 20.

Women muſt not rule.

Let him be made a ſlave, to all a ſcorn,
That will not be the ſame that he was born.

EPIG. 21.

To my much honoured, and incomparable Friend, Mr. Theodor Loe Esquire, *upon his request to me to pen a peculiar* Poem *of* Oberon *and his Queen.*

NOble Sir, your Poet prayes
You'd teare from's head his wreath of (Bayes,
And in its stead a Chaplet place
Of living flowers, t'would better grace
His aspect, now you'd have him sing,
Pucks treachery against his King.
Jelous *Ob'ron* when his Queen,
Dub'd him Cuckold on the green,
Conveigh me into yonder grove,
Where the broad fac'd Owle doth rove
With waving wings from tree to tree,
And the sweet Turtle mournfully
Chants her own Dirge, beneath an Oake
Which *Sylvanus* never strooke

In anger, nor the *Dryad's* curſt
Since the time it ſprang up firſt,
Here ſeat me, and I'le ſing to life,
Oberon's frenzy for his wife.

EPIG. 22.

LUCAN *to* NERO.

Dialogue.

LUCAN.

BUt why Sterne Tyrant muſt I bleeding (die?

NERO.

Wretch, thou wert one in the Conſpiracie
With Trayterous *Piſo*. *LUCAN*, I confeſſe (my guilt;

NERO.

And therefore ſhall thy tainted blood be ſpilt:
Now too (ambitious Muſhrompe) not alone
For that, I'le ſend thy Soule to *Acheron*,
Remember my diſgrace upon the Stage,
When thou inſpir'd with a *Lymphatick* rage
Rap'ſt forth to thwart, my Action.—

LUCAN.

—O *Apollo!*
Who'l dare (warn'd by my Fate) thy ſteps to (follow?
Thus *Orpheus*, and *Euripides* went hence,
Forc'd by the hand of Rabbid violence;
But know (pernitious Monſter) I ſhall live,
Pharſalias Field Eternity ſhall give
Unto my Name, when thou Inglorioſuſly
(Blaſpheming *Jove*) on thy owne ſword ſhalt (die.

EPIG. 23.

Fantaſtick Silius.

Silius' an *Arras* maker ſendeth for,
To whom he thus declares his pleaſure; Sir,
I would deſire you in a piece of Cloath
(Was never ſtain'd or eaten by the Moath)
To work me a ſtrong Caſtle, and in it
A Dog that barkes, yet on his tayle doth ſit,
And at the Caſtle gate in Armor bright,
A big-bon'd man who dares with any fight;
The workman did ſo, and then brought it home,
Preſenting it unto this gawdy *Mome*,

Who

Who in a chafe doth ſtampe, and ſweare, and (cry
Where is the Dog ſhould in the Caſtle lie?
The workman anſwers, pardon Sir a ſinner,
Belike thoſe in the Caſtle are at dinner,
And (perhaps) *in ſome corner all alone,*
The Curre you miſſe is gnawing of a bone.

EPIG. 24.

In Imaginem Amoris, ad Poetas & Pictores.

ERgo fingere ſi lubet, Poetæ,
Pictoreſve animabitis tabellas,
Non talem mihi fingite hunc Amorem,
Non talem mihi pingite hunc Amorem,
Sed quum is omnia, quumque nil videtur,
Sed quum idem nihil, omnia & videtur,
Fingite omnia, nilque pingite unum,
Pingite omnia, nilque fingite unum,
Imo fingite cuncta, nilque prorſus,
Imo pingite nil, ſimulque cuncta.

EPIG. 25.

Epitaph on the Lord Capell.

HEre Virtue, Valor, Charity, and all
Those rare endowments we Celestiall call
Secluded are; nor wonder at the Story,
Capell lies here, Loyalties chiefest Glory.

EPIG. 26.

Epitaph on Duke Hamilton.

A Politian, yet a Foole,
A Teacher, and yet went to Schoole,
A Hempen cord of Silken twist,
A Papist, yet a Calvinist,
A meere *OGYGES*, Yet a Stranger
To Prudence, that foresees a danger;
Here lies (hee's but to *Scotland* gon,
No worse a Hell) tis *Hamilton*.

EPIG. 27.

On the Earle *of* Holland.

BY *Venus* selfe beneath this stone
Lyes *Holland* that spruce Earle,
His Carcasse here, his Head is gone
To *Bridget* his brave Girle,
Who makes it her Memento Mori,
While she lies close to Captaine Pory.

EPIG. 28.

On Mr. Spencers *inimitable Poem, the* Faerie Queen.

C*Ollin* my Master, O Muse sound his praise,
Extoll his never to be equal'd Layes,
Whom thou dost Imitate with all thy might,
As he did once in *Chawcers* veine delight,
And thy new *Faerie* King, shall with Queen,
When thou art dead, still flourish ever green.
Cease wealthy *Italy* to brag and boast,
That thou for Poesie art famed most

Of any Nation, *Arioſtos* veine,
Though rare, came ſhort of our great *Spencers* (ſtreine:
His great *Orlando* hath receiv'd great loſſe
By *Spencers Faerie* Knight of the Red Croſſe:
Warrelike *Rogeros* honour clouded is
By his *Arthegall*, and much fame doth miſſe,
His ſweet Angellica deſcrib'd with Art,
Is wan and withered, to his *Brittomart*,
His admirable Poem darkned quite,
As if he onely had known how to write,
Nor may that wonder of your Nation claime
Supremacie, before our *Spencers* Fame:
Admired *Taſſo*, (pardon) I muſt do
That right the Muſes all perſwade me to,
Although to *Godfery* by thy worthy Layes,
Thou doſt a *Mauſolean* Trophey raiſe,
Yet *Spencer* to *Eliza* hath done more,
And by his fullneſſe leſſeneth thy ſtore:
He like the grand *Meonian* ſits on high,
Making all Verſe ſtoope to his Poeſie;
Like to ſome mighty River *Nile* or *Po*,
All that obſtruct him, hee'l ſoon overthrow:
And ſhallow Brooks, if any liſt to ſtrive,
From forth his Ocean ſoon they may derive.
Hee next unto *Apollo* ſits above
With *Homer*, and ſweet *Maro*, who approve
Of his ſociety, and joy to ſee
Him that did equall their fam'd Poeſie.

Niggard-

Niggardly Nation be asham'd of this,
A Tombe for thy great Poet wanting is,
While fooles, not worth the naming, seated high
On Sepulchers of Marble God-like lie:
The learned in obscurity are thrust,
But yet their Names shall long out-live their dust:
Although Great *Spencer* they did thee interre,
Not Rearing to thy name a Sepulcher,
Yet thou hast one shall last to the last day,
Thy *Faerie* Queen, which never shall decay:
This is a Poets Priviledge, although
His person among sordid dolts do goe
Unto the Grave, his Name shall ever live,
And spite of Time, or Malice shall survive.

EPIG. 29.

To the brave and nobe Lady, the Lady E. B.

OH may these Comick layes be blest by (thee
And from thy Lips, suck their Eternity.

EPIG. 30.

On Mr. Davenants *most excellent Tragedy of* Albovinek *of* Lombards.

S*Hakespeares Othello, Johnsons Cataline,*
Would lose the their luster, were thy *Al-*
(bovine
Placed betwixt them, and as when the Sunne,
Doth whirling in his fiery Chariot runne,
All other lights burn dim, so this thy play,
Shall be accepted as the Sun-shine day:
While other witts (like Tapers) onely seems
Good in the want of thy Refulgent beames.
This Tragedy (let who list dare dissent)
Shall be thy everlasting Monument.

EPIG. 31.

CUPIDS CREATION.

LUst favouring Vice, a Dietie
Ascrib'd to Love, and to be free

To

To that wilde Fury adds
A forged power, that *Cupid* gladds,
By his *Paphian* Mother ſent
All about Earths Continent;
Flies up to Heaven and there ſtraies,
Shoots ſhafts, that every God obeyes:
Saturnus, * he with the awfull Rod
Whoſe feet with winged ſhooes are ſhod,
All power to him is given,
On Earth, Seas, Hell and Heaven;
T'xcuſe their guilt, Franticks beſtow
Upon Dame *Venus* Son an awfull Bow.
* MERCURY.

EPIG. 32.

All Saints, and all Soules Day, 1. *and* 2. *of* November.

THou Sunne, that ſhed'ſt the dayes, looke (down and ſee,
A moneth more ſhi ning by events then thee,
Departed *Soules*, and *Saints* ſign'd it before,
But know the living now do ſigne it more,
Perſons, and Actions meet, all meant for Joy,
But ſome are born to build, ſome to deſtroy;

Bate

Bate us that Ushering curse so dearely known,
Not these two daies, but the whole moneth's our own.

EPIG. 33.

The Ægyptians *first found out the Art of Navigation.*

THese pass'd the dangerous Gulph, and durst
By new found waies adventure first,
These first fraught Ships, found Merchandize,
First observ'd Starres, and Checquer'd skies.

EPIG. 34.

For the Statue of Queen Elizabeth.

BEhold th'Effigie of a Virgin Queen,
Zealously courted wheresoever seen:
The Peoples Love first from her troubles grew,
And then her Reigne did make that Love her (Due:

That

That comely order, which did then adorne
Both Fabricks, now's by many Factions torne,
That forme by her allow'd of *Common Prayer*,
Our Sectaries call vaine beating of th' Ayre,
How do they honour, how forſake her Crown,
Her Times are ſtill cried up, but practis'd down.

EPIG. 35.

Baptizing of Infants, the New Mode.

BRing here the Baſon, is the Babe defil'd,?
Good Parſon play the Barber with the Child,
Place him in publick view, in ſight of all,
But ſpare your Croſſes, and your Waſhing-ball;
And (that the Gold-ſmith may be quite undone)
The Father and the Godfathers are one.
This Babe of Grace ſhall be of more account,
Then all the Antichriſtians of the Font.

EPIG. 36.

The Powder Treason.

THis was a Treason of the worst intent,
Had not our own done more then strangers (meant.

EPIG. 37.

To Mr. L. H.

TO eate so much, and yet to looke so thinn,
Thus Lust puts out, what Luxurie puts in.

EPIG. 38.

On the birth of the Lady E. D.

AWay, and view the Graces, and the Houres
Hovering aloofe, and dropping mingled (flowers
Upon

Upon the Cradle where an Infant lies,
The greatest Grace, chiefest of Dieties.

EPIG. 39.

On the Death of Strafford *Deputie of* Ireland.

THat thou wert wise as *Nestor*, vallianter
Then great * *Priamides*, and stronger farre
Then big-bon'd *Ajax*, that thy skill did shine
Suparlatively in Warrs art, to thine;
That *Cæsars vici* was but slow, that all
Which makes an able Statesman, thou migh'st (call
Thine, and thine onely, that thy mighty Soule
Dispans'd, extended unto either Pole:
Truth must acknowledge, that thy Royall Lord,
Durst to have morgag'd unto thee his Sword,
So great his confidence, during whose Reigne
Thou shon'st a Constellation, next his Waine,
And tis not yet decided, whether thou
Or he were more resplendent, on thy brow

* HECTOR.

Sate

Sate Terror mixt with Wisedome, and at once
Saturne, and *Hermes* in thy Countenance.
(Second *Sejanus*) in thy fall we see
Nosce teipsum, was not known to thee.

EPIG. 40.

On the Death of the truely learned and exquisitely Vertuous I. D. *Esquire.*

WHen Fates impartial hand shall summon (me,
It will increase my Joy to visite thee,
Yet we must sympathize, and on thy Herse
Powre out a Sable teare to write a Verse:
With your swart weeds my Azure lines agree,
" *A mourners beauty is deformity.*
Blame not the * Three for this sad Fate, they do
Consume themselves in teares, as well as you,
'Twas not their will so faire a flower should stay
So short a time, no and fade so soone away,
They had resolv'd upon this common Stage,
He should have acted out old *Nestors* Age,

* *The Parcæ.*

While

While they their over-buſied hands conjoyne
With curious Art, to draw the fatall twine
To a full length, they forc'd the ſame ſo ſmall,
That (unawares) alack) it brake withall:
And all but right, ſhould they do heaven wrong
To keep his precious Soule on Earth ſo long
That long'dto part,ſhould they hisJoyes repreive
And kill him thus, by keeping him alive;
Heaven then took pitty, and could not diſpence
With this their kindneſſe, therefore Rap't him (hence.

EPIG. 41.

A Cobler to Plato, *on his Commonwealth.*

A*riſtos* Son, behold wee all agree
To have the Government preſcrib'd by (thee,
And ſit enthron'd even in our drudgerie.

Epig. 42.

To Mr. G. K.

Sir, I do runne, but you attaine the prize,
" *'Tis better to be Fortunate then Wise*:
Besides by *Randalle's Exit*, it appeares,
" *Witt's a Disease, that kills men in few yeares*:
Which bids me this Prediction freely give,
Longer then *Nestor* you are like to live.

Epig. 43.

To Will. Lee, *the Bookseller at* Pauls *Chaine.*

Syrrah; thou art so base a Foole that I,
Think thee not worth my Anger, else I'de try
In *ARCHILOCHUS* tone, so loude to sing,
(With a Quill borrowed from a Ravens wing,
Penning such fatall Scripture) thou (thou Elfe)
But hearing it, should'st streightway hang thy
(selfe.

But I am mercifull, repent thy ill,
And know no ſword, cutts deeper then my Quill.

EPIG. 44.

To Lydia *ſcorning him.*

I Care not now, ſtill harden, know that I
By viewing thee, begin to Petrefie,
Though thou art Rockie, yet the Gods aſſent
I am the ſtone muſt be thy Monument.

EPIG. 45.

To I. Buzby.

THo'art not in debt, (thou ſwear'ſt) and I dare (ſay it,
For thoſe alone do owe, that meane to pay it.

EPIG. 46.

Epitaph, on Mr. Fountaine *and his young Son dying, and being buried together in one Grave.*

FOuntaine of teares shed here, here lies a man,
In whom a Fount of Learning gliding ran,
Yet cruell death this living *Fountaine* stop'd,
The pleasant Palme that grew beside it crop't:
You may search farr, and yet not find a Well,
Fit with this matchlesse Fount to paralell.

EPIG. 47.

The deliverance from a garrulous vain-glorious Scholar in Sion *Coledge.*

TO *I. P*'s Chamber, I one day resorted,
Where the young man to me rare things (imparted,
As first his Study full of Learned Books,
On which (I dare be sworn) he seldome looks.
Then next a Chamber, at the Eastern end
Thereof, a bed to entertaine a Friend.
Then led he me towards a gloomie hole,
Quoth he, this is repleat with Wood and Coale,

Not

Not ſo well ſtuff'd was *Epeus* Brazen ſteed,
Then he diſcover'd boxes full of ſeed
Which fed his *Finches*, and *Canary*-Birds,
And then he led me to his houſe of (—)
Gravely Diſcourſing all the tedious way,
That *Athanaſius* in a Ciſtern lay
Fearefull of *Arius*, ſeven yeares and more
Not halfe ſo ſweet : then next he op'd a dore,
Diſcovers a large Shelfe of Boots and Shoes,
Refulgent *Sol*(ſaid I)that al things views,
Reſcue, oh reſcue me, (great Dietie)
This Foole will kill me with's diſcovery.
Apollo heard, one towards us did advance,
And ſo great *Phœbus* ſaved me by chance.

The end of the Fourth Book.

E

T

EPIGRAMS

THE FIFTH BOOK.

EPIG. I.

To Lydia.

TO thee faire *Nymph* my life, my love, (my gaze,
Thought-chaste *Dictinna*, Natures (onely maze,

More Lovely then was bright *Astioche*,
Or *Junos* hand-mayd sacred *Diope*
I didicate these labours, Read I pray,
For thine eyes stellifie all they survey.

EPIG. 2.

Unmanly Feare.

THunder affrighteth Infants in the Schooles,
And Threatnings are the Conquerours of (Fooles.

EPIG. 3.

To Cap. Purvey.

True Vallour ever accompanied with deliberate Advice.

RAsh *Isidas*, the *Lacedemon* Lord,
That naked fought against the *Theban* (power,
Although they crown'd his Vallour by accord,
Yet was he fin'd for rashnesse that same hour,
For

For in attempting, Proweſſe is not meant,
But wiſely doing what we do attempt.

EPIG. 4.

A Callidonians *Character.*

A * *Callidonian*, ever at his birth,
Doth enter Hell, and when he goes from (Earth,
He leaves tormenting Tophet, wonderous well
Aſſur'd there cannot be a worſer Hell.

* Scotland *anciently called* Callidonia.

EPIG. 5.

To Mr. E. H. *Complaining of his Wife.*

SIr, be content, let this your hopes uphold,
Venus was but a Queane, *Juno* a Scold.

Epig. 6.

Sir John Harringtons *translation of* Ariosto.

A*Rioſt* beyond *Protagoras* did lim'
Better then *Zeuxes* could, th'haſt rendred (him.

Epig. 7.

Uni omnia ſola.

Cur ego felici numeros ab Apolline poſcam?
Cur Pindi aerij culmina nota velim?
Cur mea Daphneæ *cingant ut tempora laurus,*
Ex Aganipæo *pocula fonte petam?*
Cur ego laſcivam Venerem, Veneriſque puellum
Suppliciter multa ſolicitabo prece;
Telaque plus metuam pueri quam mille Phalanges,
Et pluſquam Ægiochi fulmina rauca faces:

Quid

Quid pharetram ex humeris pueri sine fine sonantem,
Vdave ne lachrymis lumina sepe fluant?
Quid toties ducam suspiria pectore ab imo?
Quid cadet aversos ante querela Deos?
Perdere si certo potis es me sola dolore,
Solaque me certa, Nympha, levare manu.
Adspice quam, ô, variis distringar, Lydia, curis,
Adspice quam, ô, nulla parte quiescat Amor:
Tu mihi sola quies, quæ fix'ti vulnera amoris,
Quæque noces, medicam sola adhibebis opem;
Nam mihi tu Phæbus, *to* Pindus, Laurus *& unda,*
Tu mihi blanda Venus, *tu mihi dulcis* Amor:
Tela Faces, Pharetra, Lachrymæ Suspiria, Questus,
Omnia at (hei) quum sis cur ita nulla mea es.

EPIG. 8.

To Mr. John Sands, *on his excellent Water-Worke called the* Chaos.

FRiend, thou the *Chaos* hast in every part
So well expressed by the power of Art,
That when I saw't I wonder'd, and I find
In that rude masse, thy well digested mind:
Nor is that all, but when I do behold
Thy whirling Orbes, how they about are rol'd,

The

The Earth repleniſh'd, and the Heavens cleare,
More quaintly then in *Archimedes* Spheare,
And then our Grandſyre *Adam* in his bliſſe,
(The ſame I think *Arabia felix* is)
His fearefull fall in height of all his pride
[Tempted by her was taken from his ſide]
Then other Stories to thy matter fit,
Not feign'd, but borrowed out of holy Writ,
Performed by *Pigmeis* of thy own Creation,
Who ſeem to walke, and talke in pretty faſhion,
I then to learned *Rhaſis* do adhere,
That great and wonderfull Philoſopher,
And do conceit, one may ſo play his part,
As to make little living men by Art:
But to conclude, for I abhorre to be
Guilty of tedious Prolixitie;
Thy ſhow ſhall more and more in Fame (encreaſe,
And ever ſhall be ſtil'd *Arts Maſter-peice.*

EPIG

EPIG. 9.

A Constellation betwixt bad and good Fortune, for Antiquitie, and Supremacie.

THe glorious Senate of the skies was set,
And all the Gods in State,
When Happy-Fortune, and Ill-Fortune met,
Striving for Heaven Gate,
Confusedly as Floods do passe
Their bounds, their enterance was.

The Gods disturb'd admire their strange ap-
(proach
Censuring their anger by their eyes,
Ill-Fortune was attended by reproach,
Good-Fortune Virtue stellifies:
The Gods divided yet agree,
The Fates should judge their Pedigree:

Good_

Good-Fortune drawes from Heaven her high (Descent,
Making *Jove* roote of her large tree,
Shee shewes from him how many Godheads (went
Archangels, Heavens posteritie,
Annexing to her line,
Honour, Virtue, Endlesse time.

Ill-Fortune yet would needs be elder-borne,
[As sprung from *Saturn*, *Joves* wrong'd Syre]
And Heaven, and Earth, and Hell, her Armes (have worne,
(Bleeding Hearts in a Field of fire)
Just proofe may her great praise commend,
All that Best-Chance begins, Ill-Chance doth (end.

EPIG 10.

To H. P.

THou Grand Apostle of the *Gadarens*,
Thou, who hast cur'd the *Nodes*, slic'd off (the Wens

O'th

O'th Body Politick, it troubles us,
That thou ſhould'ſt have the *Morbus Gallicus.*

EPIG. 11.

The Invention of Letters.

TRadition tells us that the *Elephant*,
(Made up of ſence like man, who nought (doth want
Save ſpeech) the *Alphabet* did firſt invent,
At this ſome laugh, and others to't aſſent,
Voting its veritie, but ſome conteſt
That *Cadmus* firſt found Letters, and expre'ſt
His Art firſt in *Campania*, if the firſt
Found out that milk by which all arts are nur'ſt,
I dare Decree the Beaſts expreſſions all,
Were figured forth in letters Capitall.

EPIG. 12.

On the death of the late Prince of Orange, *by the Small Pox.*

POx one thee (Fortune) had'ſt no other way,
To bring the Royall Cauſe unto decay,
But by that Scarre-Crow picks out Childrens (eyes,
There were ſure many noble Malladies
Farre fitter Harpyes, to prey on a Prince,
But oh! the Fates by ſnatching *Naſſaw* hence,
Doe by a contradictive Riddle tell,
They'l bring their ends to paſſe by Miracle.

EPIG. 13.

The Boy-preaching Furrier.

DOſt thou know what thou doſt, fond Child, (alas
Thy heart is furr'd, as is thy Face with Braſſe:
Doſt

Dòst thou not feare the fervour of his Ire,
That ſlew two Brethren who produc'd ſtrange (fire
Upon his holy Altar? can'ſt thou ſhow,
Us thy Commiſſion, and who bad thee goe?
If not, remember fourty thouſand di'd,
Becauſe too nearely in the Arke they pri'd.

EPIG. 14.

To Delia.

D*Elia*, alaſſe, and art thou now grown poore?
Walking like a dejected forlorn whore,
Have all thy Lovers caſt thee off, what all,
And given thee unto the Hoſpitall?
No preſentations of Gloves, Tyres, or Pins,
Now nought is left unto thee ſave thy ſinnes:
O heavie load, now (*Delia*) thou doſt find,
"*They nothing have, who want a virtuous mind.*

Epig. 15.

To Claudius.

ANd why (good *Claudius*) ſhould I hide,
That wherein gods do take a pride,
She, who is of the Nymphs the Queen,
The loveliest that hath yet been ſeen,
She, with her moſt enflaming eyes
Hath fir'd my Heart, thoſe curious tyes
Of her entortell'd treſſes bind,
With golden fetters my whole mind:
Her gracefull ſmiles, her red and white,
Which Art can never pencill right,
That wiſdome in her tender yeares,
Scarce to be found amongſt gray haires,
The conſtant tenour of her life
Which may beſeem the graveſt wife,
Her modeſt, and not gay, Attyre,
Whereby ſhe honour doth acquire,
The pleaſing Majeſtie of her face,
And her deportment with ſuch grace,
Theſe have Captive took my mind,
Oh! that my Martialleſſe were kind,

I count me happy in my Gyves,
And would not change for thousand Lives.

EPIG. 16.

The Prodigall.

SEe in a Tavern where *Calianax* sits,
Spending his coine, and dulling of his witts,
His painted Cockatrice doth sit him nigh,
(Who hath the marrow from his bones drawn (drie)
His naked crown a Perriwig doth cover,
See how he courts her like an amorous Lover,
Foole, she more deadly is, thou dost imbrace,
Then th'juice of Hemlock, or the loathed Race
Of Scorpions, her poysonous breath more hot
Then *Ætna*'s fumes, by Earth and Ayre begot,
Who, when thou hast thy Lands morgag'd away,
And beg'st for food, will smile at thy decay,
And having fill'd thy body full of sores,
Will laugh to see thee turned out of doores,
Despised by all men, when too late t'will bee
To wish for that, thou hast spent Id'ly.

EPIG. 17.

Lydia Inviolabilis si nolit.

LUmina servat Amor, Charitum sed prima (labella,
Proxima dein mammas, tertia sola pedes.
Dulce sub obscuris gaudet Venus ima latebris,
Ridet & hinc timidos, insidiosa viros,
Si faves; oculos Deus, & labra prima papilla
Proxima, terna pedes, Diva dabit latebras.

EPIG. 18.

An Alderman.

YOnder goes Carrus *in his Velvet Gown,*
And is reputed one of great Renown,
He stroakes his Beard, and on the Bench doth Cough
And seldome is beheld to smile or laugh,

Ascend

Ascends his Coach with an austeere aspect,
And gravely all his Actions doth direct,
He would be thought a very sollid man,
As equalizing the fam'd Ithacan,
Yet hath not braines enough for to endite
A Letter, when occasion calles to write.
O Fortune, thou wert curſed from thy birth,
And aye wilt be ſo: Fooles have all on Earth.

EPIG. 19.

Christmasse Day.

NO matter for *Plomb-porridge*, or *Shrid-pies*,
Or a whole *Oxe* offered in Sacrifice
TO *COMVS*, not to *CHRIST*, this day I'le ſing
Cœleſtiall ſongs to *IESVS*, who did bring
Unto depraved *Adam*'s race Salvation,
By the *Ænigma* of his Incarnation:
I'le daunce too, but as *Jeſſes* God-like Son
Before the Arke, a ſacred Ephod on.

EPIG. 20.

To Mr. L. H. *Esquire.*

YOu say, (*Sir*) that you wonder some times I
(Who am a rigid *Stoick* naturally)
When I do practise mirth, am so profuse,
My mirth is madnesse, and my sport abuse,
I will not (*Jove* forbid it) say you erre,
But take this Story, *The Philosopher*
Rich, Learned Proclus, *had a Son whose veine*
Was to spend money, but get none againe,
On Whores, on Hounds, on Hawkes, his Fathers (*eyes*
Were witnesse to his Prodigallities,
No Counsell he omitted, nor no way,
That might the young mans swerving passions sway;
Nothing proves prevalent, his grieved Syre
Finding he powr'd but oyle into the fire,
Resolv's upon a way, as new as strange,
Not doubting speedily to cause a change:
A very youthfull habit he puts on,
And needs will be Associate to his Sonne,
Who doth his Fathers dotage deadly hate,
And now bethinks him of his owne Estate,

Con-

Condem's himſelfe t'have been ſo much a foole,
Leaves Epicurus, *ſits in* Plato's *Schoole.*
So Sir, take notice when I ſportive am,
I doo't, ſuch Fooles as you for to reclaime.

EPIG. 21.

To E. K.

I Juſt had made an end, for to rehearſe
Some of my Papers blotted o're with Verſe,
Unto a learned Friend, when thou cam'ſt in
And once againe would'ſt have me to begin:
Untutor'd Groome, ſuppoſe that thou ſhould'ſt (come
Without a Supper in thy dirty wombe,
I being newly ſated, were it fit,
Or would it not proclaime prepoſterous wit,
For thee, for to deſire me for to try
My teeth againe, to beare thee Company.

EPIG. 22.

A Dialogue 'twixt LYDIA, *and the* POET, *for the renewing their Loves after a long time of suspension.*

POET.

NOw she is numbred with the dead,
That wonne my heart from thee,
Why art thou like to Stone, or lead,
And mak'st not haste to me.

LYDIA.

Claudius, the Son of *Aretine*,
Possesseth now my Love,
And shall I change for that of thine,
Who ever lov'st to Rove.

POET.

POET.

Forget what's paſt, my future Zeale
And my obſequious care
To thee, all former wounds ſhall heale,
Not leaving any ſcarre.

LYDIA.

After thy ſtock of ſtrength is ſpent,
And thou grown weake with doing,
Thou would'ſt our former breach Cement,
Away, I hate thy woing.

POET.

The ſhag-hair'd *Goate* in's prime of heate,
Is not more apt then I,
For to performe the wiſhed feate,
My Veines with blood ſwell high.

LYDIA.

Though thou art harſh and Rude as fire,
More humerous then the winds,
So well thou ſatiat'ſt my deſire,
To thee Loves cords me binds.

EPIG. 23.

On excellent ſtrong Beere.

PLumpe cheek'd *Bromeus* venge thy wrong,
Barly, as thy berry ſtrong
Makes us talk, and ſing, and laugh,
As if we did *Nepenthe* quaffe;
With Elder leaves our heads we twine,
Not with the Ivie-creeping Vine,
And Oake-leav'd Javelings we beare,
Which in our drunken rage we teare:
Thy *Orgies* muſt ever faile,
If this ſtrong Liquors fame prevaile,
All for to drink will agree:
Smooth chin'd *Anacreon* could not be
More heated with his Corſick vine,
Nor *Flaccus* with his Falern wine,
Then I with this moſt potent Beere,
Kept in a Marble Vault a yeare:
And now it ſparkling freely drills,
Cur'ſt be he a drop that ſpills:
Fill the ſteepe flaggons, and each pot,
Drink till all ſorrow be forgot.

Had

Had great *Johnson* had the hap
To taste of what flowes from this tap,
Nine muses had no number been
To contend 'gainst such *Hypocrene*,
And he (no doubt) had finish'd well
His *Mortimer*, and *Issabell*:
Nymbly dance all in a Ring,
Pæans to god-*BARLY* sing,
Gallop round in Faerie measures,
Oh that in height of all these pleasures,
Charmed by the sleepy God,
Ere the Hymn is sung, I nod.

EPIG. 24.

Leanders *Ruine*.

WHile bold *Leander*, swam as he was wont,
Brushing the billowes of the *Helespont*,
Thetis her selfe envying faire *Heros* blisse,
(His Love being sought by the *Nereides*,
Cymodoce, and sweet *Pronea* too)
But when she found twas but in vaine to sue,
She beggs of *Æolus*, and he complies,
To raise a storme, by which *Leander* dies.

EPIG.

EPIG. 25.

A Frolick to Capt. Baines *the Poet being Prisoner (for his Loyalty) in* Whittington *Goale.*

1

Polihymnia, lend me thy Lute,
And thou (my *Bains*) take the shrill (Flute,
No rainie *Hyades*
Or the rude blasts at Seas
Can strike our Musick mute.

2

Drink thou to *Peleus* stout Sonne,
Or the Grand-Child of *Laomedon*,
With ardent zeale then I
Will flowing Cupps apply
To *Pindar*, *Horace*, and *Anacreon*.

3 'Tis

3

'Tis ſin for us to know
What Fate *Jove* will beſtow,
What need we trie
Lillies Aſtrologie,
The Gods, at *Weſtminſter* can trueſt ſhow.

4

With Ivie Chaplets lets empale
Our Fronts, and though lodg'd in a Goale
(My loved *Baines*)
Did we were chaines
Their ratling ſhould make *Briſcoes* heart to faile.

5

Bring forth the Tun of ſparkling Wine
Such as learn'd *Flaccus* tearm'd Divine,
Pierce its rough rind,
Leave none behind,
(Deare *Baines*) 'twill make our Faces ſhine.

6

Minerva, (O my Patroneſſe)
To thee I will my Faults confeſſe,
I am too Stoicall,
But yet can ſmile withall,
And now and then ſlip into looſe exceſſe.

7

About with't, let us ſwill
Stand neare (boy) nimbly fill,
Sing, Jo, triumph crie,
Young *C.* hath Victorie,
Thanks powerfull Rector of *Olympus* Hill.

8

What though we do not weare
Laconick Purple, but are forc'd to beare
The frownes of ſlaves,
When in our graves,
Fame to our memories ſhall Pillars reare.

9

Foggie *Cocytus* we muſt view,
Nor can we the *Eumenides* eſchew,
In *Charons* Wherrie
We both muſt Ferrie,
Then drink and Dance, Earths bliſſes are our due.

EPIG. 26.

Martagon, *and* Ancilla *in the perſon of the Poet, and Miſtris* E. R.

Mart.

MUſt thou be gone, my prettie one,
Ancil. Alas, I dare not tarry,
Mart. O what a ſpite is marriage-life,
Ancil. Then why (Sir) did you marry?
Mart. Although that *Hymen* hold full high,
His Torch above my treſſes,
Yet thouſands ſweet as well as I
May purge their lights with Creſſes:

Pox

Pox on his hornes, and ſpotted hide,
Ancil. His Dowcets, and his Rutting,
But (Sir) he is like *Argus* ey'de,
Mart. And like a Ram ſtill butting.
Away by Moone-ſhine we will wend
Unto my Country *Villa*,
And there ſecurely wee will ſpend
Our dayes, my deare *Ancilla*.
Ancil. Love give us wings unto our wiſh,
Be luſtfull *Jove*, Protector,
Mart. A Toade be ſtill i'th Husbands diſh,
Ancil. And poyſon in his *Nectar*.
Mart. *Actæons* Ghoſt ſtill haunt him,
Ancil. The God of Cuckolds daunt him,
Mart. Let a dead man ſtroke him,
Ancil. And his ſpittle choake him,
Mart. And every Fiend invoke him,
Ancil. While we thus twine,
Like the Amorous Vine,
Mart. Away baſe Strumpet leave me,
If thou haſt Will
Thy Lord to kill,
Moſt ſure thou wilt deceive me.

EPIG. 27.

On Mr. Webſters *moſt excellent Tragedy, Called the White Devill.*

WEe will no more admire *Euripides*,
Nor praiſe the Tragick ſtreines of *Sophocles*,
For why? thou in this Tragedie haſt fram'd
All reall worth, that can in them be nam'd:
How lively are thy perſons fitted, and
How pretty are thy lines, thy Verſes ſtand
Like unto pretious Jewels ſet in gold,
And grace thy fluent Proſe; I once was told
By one well skil'd in Arts, he thought thy Play
Was onely worthy Fame to beare away
From all before it, *Brachianos* Ill,
Murthering his Dutcheſſe, hath by thy rare skill
Made him renown'd, *Flamineo* ſuch another,
The Devils darling, Murtherer of his brother:

His part most strange, (given him to Act by
(thee)
Doth gaine him Credit, and not Calumnie:
Vittoria Corombona, that fam'd Whore,
Desp'rate *Lodovico* weltring in his gore,
Subtile *Francisco*, all of them shall bee
Gaz'd at as Comets by Posteritie:
And thou meane time with never withering
(Bayes,
Shalt Crowned bee by all that read thy
(Layes.

EPIG. 28.

Epitaph on that Excellently Learned young man Mr. Anthony Dyer.

A Morning faire as the first looke of *May*,
With the glad promise of a Glorious Day,
The Sun was earely up, and at first rise
With noone-tide Beames amaz'd our duller
(eyes,

Is crep'd behind a cloude, a blossome bright,
As those Sun-beames that kisse and paint the
(Light,
Which first of all salutes the budding yeare,
And smiles to see it's fellowes not appeare,
Dies by rude Frosts: so when beginnings raise
Too great an expectation, and amaze
Our Sences, Wisedome plucks it by the eare,
And bids us turne our hopes into a feare,
So if some one leap over sluggish time,
And wear his Ages Autumne in his Prime,
Nature her selfe her future Progresse feares,
And dares not trust this Vertue with more
(yeares,
And therefore *Dyer* di'd, and here doth lie,
To force a teare from every passer by.

EPIG. 29.

To his Muse in (reference to his Faerie *King.*

BY thee faire Muse, when violent hands have
(made
England a Den of *Dragons*, a darke shade

Where ſhag-hayrd Satyres Daunce, when King-
(domes are
Quite overturn'd, and frie in flames of Warre,
I ſhall command the Earth, and to the skie,
Above the Earth, borne on Fames Wings ſhall
flie.

EPIG. 30.

Epitaph on my dearely loved Kinſman
Thomas Clapham.

READER, here lies a youth, whoſe
Fac
Paſs'd even *Adonis* for ſweet grace,
And winning geſture without peere
For wit unequall'd, cloſed here
Doth lie, an heape of vertuous duſt
Keep it ſafe (*Marble*) to thy truſt,
We do commit it as a Gemme,
Hid in a Casket of eſteem.

EPI

EPIG. 31.

To his Book.

GOe forth in thine owne ſtrength amid the (Crowd,
Be not thou too ſubmiſſe, nor yet too proud,
If any joſtle, ſtand the ſturdy ſhock,
Have I not fixt thee firmer then a Rock.

EPIG. 32.

Fortius eſt qui ſe quàm qui fortiſſima vincit.

It is the greateſt Conqueſt for a Conquerour to Conquer himſelf, to conquer his Iraſcible paſſions, which Alexander *could not doe, and his Concupiſcible, which* Hercules *could not do, ſo vaſſalized to his* IOLE, *to him,* Dei ira *Hercules.*

HE *Cacus, Cerberus, Hydra* overthrew,
Lyons, not Luſt and Whores could he ſub-

Epig. 33.

Ben Johnson's *due Encomium.*

WHen he, with Verse to's pipe appli'd did, (sing,
The Rude * Woods listned to his caroling,
Scillas Doggs bark'd not, the harmonious (spheares
Tooke paines to plant their Soules into their (eares,
More excellent then he, no age e're saw,
More sacred, wonderfull, (by *Phœbus* Law)
His Verse Divinely fram'd, deserves alone,
The thrice three Sisters Benediction.

* *His excellent* Under-woods.

Epig. 34.

Epitaph on a Virgin dying for Love.

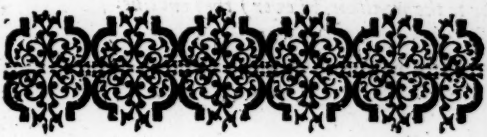
YEe Virgins that this Tombe passe by,
Behold the same with weeping eye,
Accuse the blind god of sterne wrath,
That he this Virgin here layd hath,
For he was partiall, nothing mov'd,
He wounded her, not him she lov'd.

EPIG. 35.

The Paper Hero's.

THeir murmuring ſplendour is Nocturnall all,
They are but Torches to a Funerall,
That's all, their glory for themſelves muſt fall
In his great doome, quite waſte and periſh all
In Light ing him to's Vault, their Luſter muſt
Shrink to a Snuffe, their Honour to the duſt.

The End of the Fifth Book.



EPIGRAMS.

THE SIXTH BOOK.

EPIG. I.

Virgula Divina.

SOme Sorcerers do boaſt they have a Rod,
Gather'd with Vowes, and Sacrifice,
And (borne about) will ſtrangely nod
To hidden treaſure, where it lies:

Man-

Mankind is (sure) that Rod Divine,
For to the wealthiest (ever) they encline.

Epig. 2.

To Wil. Drosse *the upstart Gallant.*

FRiend, those gay cloathes, as well thy hyde (befits,
As Purple doth th' untutord *Marmuzets.*

Epig. 3.

To Tatam.

T*Atam* makes Verses of all sorts, and sizes,
And Playes, and Songs, and Ballads he (comprizes:
In keene *Iambicks* a Lymphatick Lyrick
He is, and playes, and sings, sweeter then *Derick*,
For which, amongst the *Broakers* and *Broom-* (*criers*,
Amongst the *Watermen*, mongst *Dolts*, and (*Diers*,

Hee's

Hee's cri'd up for a * *Bards* and he is one,
For he writes *Welsh*, or in some stranger tone.

* Bardus, *Prince of* Wales, *an excellent Poet, of whom Poets are called* Bards.

EPIG. 4.

To Mr. *Giles Granvert.*

NOw wee
(*Deare Sir*) *be*
Our owne Antipodes,
Our owne Disease,
Seamen *the Whip*,
Plowmen *the Ship*
Vsurpe and guide,
Men walk, Mules ride,
Children begin
To teach to spin
Their Grandams old,
Sheepe Shephards Fold,

Meteors

Meteors *exhal'd*
From mud are call'd
The highest Spheares,
Small hopes, great feares,
Wolves in Humane shapes
Men, Asses, Hoggs and Apes,
Hermaphrodites *with Child,*
Herod *reconcil'd*
To Pilate; *Iustice, Knowledge,*
From Gotham *Colledge*
Proceed, the blind perceive
What Seer's wo'nt beleeve,
No way but Chymistry,
Salt, Sulphur, Mercury.

EPIG. 5.

Aristotle.

NAtures great Midwife, thou that knew'st far (more
Then all the *Ethnick Sages*, did before

'Tis

'Tis more then a *Chimera* unto me,
Thou that could'ſt weigh the Earth, ſhould'ſt by (the Sea
Be ſwallow'd, thy Witts Ocean knew no ſhore,
Fathoming *Rheas* wealth and *Theis* ſtore.

EPIG. 6.

Epitaph on Mahomet *the Second, Emperour of* Turkes, *Anno Dom.* 1450.

I That ſo many nations have
Tumbled together in one grave,
Am now by Death, which all devowers,
Layd here; where now are my powers?
Phillip's mad Sonne's moſt glorious Fame,
Compard with me ſhall want a Name,
And mighty * *Julius* have ſmall glory,
Parrallel'd with my Deathleſs ſtory:
I the *Greeks* vanquiſh't, all *Epire*,
I tam'd, and with vindictive ire,
Made the ſquat bodied *Tartars* ſtoope,
Th' *Aſſyrians* under me did droope,
Likewiſe the *Arabs*, fierce and wilde,
I *Perſia*, and *Hungaria* ſpoild,

* *Cæſar.*

Rhodes

Rhodes I had tane, by Martiall strife,
Had the three Sisters spar'd my life:
Death in the twinkling of an eye
Forc'd me to a Satietie,
So perished the Pride of Glory,
Proving all things but Transitory.

EPIG. 7.

To the brave and beautious Lady, the Lady I. G.

Circe *the Enchantereſſe (who as* Homer *relates) transformed rationall men into the ſimilitude of bruite Beaſts.*

CIrce, not onely was a Sorcereſſe,
But alſo *Lais* Function did profeſſe,
By her looſe poſtures many were enthrall'd,
Moſt aptly ſhe's * *Hyperions* Daughter call'd,
Becauſe her filthineſſe to every eye
Was obvious, by her Impudicitie,

* *Daughter to the Sun.*

Laſci-

Lascivious gestures, and her wanton tricks,
(More base then any *London Meretrix*)
Shee caused men, of honest *Moralists*
To become Brutish, and meere Sensualists:
" *Man by the Gods was framed just, and Free,*
" *But innate guile forfeits his puritie.*
Thus did she Metamorphose Men to Beasts,
So he (bright Lady) on your beauty feasts,
Sol's Daughters *Soporiferous* draught doth drink,
Let me be *Gryll*, or what you please to think,
Not any sordid shape will I eschew,
Some Bristled Swine, so I may grunt neare you.

Epig. 8.

Silvesters *Translation of* Du-Bartas, *His Divine Weeks, and Works.*

'Were no absurdity to question it,
Whether the great *Du-Bartas* better writ,
Or *Silvester* translated, quaintly rare
Is his conversion, had he rested there
His Fame had been advanced to the skies,
Now groveling, clog'd with his own Fripperies.

EPIG. 9.

On the pollution of a well known Temple.

NOw Birds, and Four-foot-beasts inhabite (where,
The Sacred Fathers er'st assembled were,
The Porches full of noble Imagerie,
Oppressed with their own weight, prostrate lie,
Fanes lie full low,
Grasse on Tombs do grow,
So many adornments, rare workes, Sepulchers
And sacred Urnes, one ruine now interr's.

EPIG.

Epig 10.

The celebration of a Health to my jovial Friend, James Gort *Esquire.*

SEe Sir, here flowes a curious Cup
Of ſparkling *Nectar*, full charg'd up
To'th'brim, her ſprightly dauncing bubbles,
(Defying feares, and duller troubles
Of care-clog'd hearts) look how they ſwell
In proud diſdaine, as threathing Hell,
As if ſhe meant to undertake
A Duell, with th' Infernall Lake,
See how ſhe mantles, with what grace
She ſweetly ſmiles upon thy Face:
Drink Sir, (a fig for Fooles, and Wealth)
This Sea to *Claracillas* health.

Epig. 11.

Defacing of Images

IF that all Images defac'd ſhould be,
(My Friends) I'me ſure, you would not ſcape
(Scot-free

Epig. 12.

To the Pamphleters *of these times.*

FOrbeare fond *Pamphleters*, forbeare to vex,
The giddy world, as with an *Apoplex*,
Cease rayling *Rabshacke's* cease to disclose,
And vent such poyson in prophaner Prose,
Whose *Basilisk*-like Vapors seeme t'impaire
The squeasie temper of the troubled Ayre.

Epig. 13.

To John Taylor *(commonly called) the Water-Poet.*

IF ever I did drink, or taste one drop
Of *Hellicon*, or coveted the top
Of craggy cliv'd *Parnassus*, if that I
Did ever pipe, or sing harmoniously,
Then let my censure find a free accesse
To those that make thee more, making thee lesse.

I say thy Lines are fluent, and thy Layes
(I do avowch't, not partiall in my praise)
[Some Cockle cast away] are such to mee,
That when I read'em, I'me in Love with thee;
And sighing say, had this man Learning known,
(Who hath so quaint a *Genius* of his own)
Great *Ben* had crept to's Urne without a Name,
And *Taylor* solely slept i'th' house of Fame.

EPIG. 14.

Modest, Martha.

When to thy Husband I resort,
Wee sometimes jest, and talk in sport,
And if that any word obsceane,
Do passe, thou ask't's us, what me meane,
With lookes demure thou silently
Dost sit, as one lov'd Pietie,
Yet I one day unwares came in
Ere thou had'st time to shrowd thy sin,
And found in those faire hands of thine
The filthy workes of *Aretine*.

Epig. 15.

Lactantius, *his strange opinion of that Text of Scripture*, Gen. 6. 2. Then the Sonnes of God saw the Daughters of Men that they were faire, and they took them Wives, *&c.*

To the Faire and Courteous Mistress, R. H.

THe Angles, whom their mighty Lord
Appointed mankind for to Guard,
With this Command, they should take heed
How they Commixt with humane seed,
And so polluted, did become
Unfit for blest *Elizium.*
Yet could not scape the *Paphian* Gin,
Jehovah sees, and hates their Sin,
And now as uselesse properties,
Secludes them from celestiall Blisse

Throwa

Thrown down, ne're to returne againe
Fell Satan, doth them entertaine
His Agents, their prodigious brood,
(Not harmefull Fiends, nor Angels good)
Not mortall, nor aëriall Spirits,
Suffer not for their Fathers merits,
To *Barathum* they were not sent,
Nor yet up to *Olympus* went,
Two sorts of Devils there became,
The one we may Celestiall name,
T'other Terrestiall, thus farr hee,
Whose profound Ingenuitie,
All men admire, but he forgot,
That Heavenly Spirits cannot blot,
Their puritie by such a deed
Not capable of humane seed,
But this (bright Mistress) makes for me,
If to *Lactantius* you'l agree:
For if the Angels could not tame,
The force of *Æricinas* flame,
No marvell I am scorcht to dust,
Serv'd up an *Oglio* unto Lust.

Epig. 16.

My Imprisonment in Whittington *for Writing* Mercurius Elencticus.

MOst strange it seemes unto the Vulgar rout,
That, that which thrust me in, should (guard me out,
My Soule with no engagement's clog'd, but (this
My gaining life, strook dead *Elenticus*.

Epig. 17.

In Memory of our Famous *Shakespeare*.

1

S*Acred Spirit, whiles thy* Lyre
Ecchoed o're the Arcadian *Plaines,*
Even Apollo *did admire,*
Orpheus *wondered at thy Straines.*

2 Plautus

2

Plautus *Sigh'd*, Sophocles *wept*
Teares of anger, for to heare
After they so long had slept,
So bright a Genius *should appeare:*

3

Who wrote his Lines with a Sunne-beame,
More durable then Time or Fate,
Others boldly do Blaspheme,
Like those that seeme to Preach, but prate.

4

Thou wert truely Priest Elect,
Chosen darling to the Nine,
Such a Trophey to erect
(By thy wit and skill Divine)

5

That were all their other Glories
(Thine excepted) torn away,
By thy admirable Stories,
Their garments ever shall be gay.

6

Where thy honoured bones do lie
(*As* Statius *once to* Maro's *Urne*)
Thither every year will I
Slowly tread, and sadly mourn.

Epig. 18.

Pimponello, Flambello,

A Dialogue.

F*Lambello.* Happy *Pimpinello*, thou
Thriv'st, I prithee tell me how,
Pimpinello. Learn of me for to engage
If thoul't thrive this Iron Age,
Pleasures at the highest pitch,
Pandora onely can make rich,
No gold, nor meed is held too deare
To buy a Beauty for a yeare,

To sin securely, swim in pleasure,
Twice six Moneths: *Flambello.* If that Treasure
May so facily be wonne,
I have a Daughter, she shall shunne
No wealthy Letcher. *Pimpinello.* A match, our (Trade
Shall last till Sin, and Pleasure fade.

EPIG. 19.

To Mr. James Ford, *his Medalls being Miraculously preserved from fire.*

V*ulcan* to save these Monuments
Suffocates his own flaming Vents,
The Elements themselves had sence,
(By a coactive Providence)
Their Father Ayre, and Mother Earth,
Bridled their fury in its birth,
As when they choak't *Enceladus*,
For *Anapis*, and *Amphinomus*,
For which (Sir) you ought every day
A Jocund *Vulcanalia* say.

Epig. 20.

Our Blessed Redeemer (in scorne) by the Cursed Jewes, *cloathed in White Rayment.*

ALmighty and Omniscient, thus thy Power
Was visible, even in that very hower,
When Satans yre, was most predominant,
(When the thing made did 'gainst its Maker (vant:)
Wrapt in an *Alball*, (though on vile pretence
The perfect Emblem of thy Innocence).
Unwittingly they did Mithologize
Thou wert to die a spotlesse Sacrifice,
Thus wert thou Typified by *Samuels* deed
Then when he made a sucking Lambe to bleed,
And *Israel*, was Victorious ore his foe,
By thy deare blood, we quell *Apollion* So.

EPIG. 21.

Mortimer, and Queene Isabel, A Dialogue.

MORTIMER.

NOw, now, securely we may clip
Not fearing *Edwards* life,
Let me suck *Nectar* from thy lip,
And 'bove the gods aspire.

ISSABEL.

Yet, our embraces are but stol'n
No safety, can I see,
The Commons, are with anger swol'n,
And rage 'gainst thee and me.

MORTIMER.

Let the *Plebeians* mutter all,
All is our own (my Deare)
Confirmed in *Canarvans* fall
Which I expect to heare.

ISSA-

ISSABEL.

Is *Gurney* gone to do the deed,
Our Loves Foundation
Is layd in blood. *Mortimer*. *Edward* must bleed,
This night (my Love) t'is done.

ISSABEL.

I, that when *Edward* was a King
Enthron'd, by all obeyd,
Durst love thee, now do feare the thing
I shake, —— We are betray'd.

MORTIMER.

Betrayd, me thinks thy Noble Soul
Should not be timorous,
Who's he dares *Mortimer* controule?
Fate must not menace us.

ISSABEL.

I could rejoyce that he were dead,
But that I durst conspire
To macerate his vitall thread
Is horrible and Dire.

MORTI-

MORTIMER.

In that, in that alone (faire Queen)
Thy Love is manifeſt,
All had been nought, had this not been
In ſanguine Lines expre'ſt.

ISSABEL.

Then let our Loves obſtructer die,
But I Prognoſticate,
Many, that his Throne ſhall ſupplie,
Shall taſte the ſelfe-ſame Fate.

MORTIMER.

No matter, I am ſure my brow
Shall ne're empaled be,
With *Brittains* wreath, a Crown I know
Was not ordain'd for mee.

ISSABEL.

ISSABEL.

Oh, but unhappie *Edwards* Sonne,
See'ſt not how he does lower,
Hee knowes, although a Child, what's done,
He muſt ere long have power.

MORTIMER.

But I'le anticipate his time,
The Boy ſhall to his Syre,
That he is *Edwards* is his Crime,
Ere long he ſhall expire.

ISSABEL.

But my diſtreſs'd Soule doth Divine
Thou by his rage ſhalt Periſh,
I juſtly in a Priſon pine,
That durſt ſuch Treaſon cheriſh.

Epig. 22.

To the hopefull and excellently Ingenious, Mr. John Quarles.

IT were a Treason, 'gainst *Apollo's* Gam,
Should I not consecrate one *Epigram*
To thee (sweet *Quarles*) whose Person though (I ne'r
Did blesse my eyes with, I affect most dear,
Heyre to thy Fathers *Genius*, Hee whose Braine
Measur'd the Earth, and Fathomed the Maine,
Whose *Theologick* Layes I do admire,
Who drew the Starr's down with his *Thespian* (Lyre.
How like thy Father dost thou strike the Strings,
Soaring aloft, borne on those very wings
Rap't him to the third Heaven, where hee's now,
Wearing as faire an *Anadem* on's brow
As god-like *Bartas* claimes, go thou but on,
And doubt not of a Chaplet, and a Throne.

EPIG. 23.

On Mr. Chapmans *Incomparable Translation of* Homers *Workes.*

WHat none before durst ever venture on,
Unto our wonder is by *Chapman* done,
Who by his skill hath made great *Homers* Song
To vaile it's Bonnet to our *English* tongue,
So that the Learned well may question it,
Whether in *Greek*, or *English Homer* writ?
O happy *Homer*, such an able Pen
To have for thy Translator, happier then
**Ovid*, or * *Virgil*, who beyond their strength
Are sttretcht, each Sentence neare a Mile in (length:
But our renoun'd *Chapman* worthy praise,
And meriting the never blasted Bayes,
Had rendered *Homer* in a genuine sence,
Yea, and hath added to his Eloquence:
And in his Comments, his true sence doth shew,
Telling *Spondanus*, what he ought to know;

* By *Golding*. * By *Phaer*.

Eustin

Eustathius, and all that on them take
Great *Homers* Mistick meaning plaine to make,
Yeeld him more dark, with farr fetcht Allegories,
Sometimes mistaking, clean, his learned Stories:
As 'bout the flie * *Menalaus* did inspire,
Junos retreat, *Achilles* strange desire;
But he, to his own sence doth him restore,
And Comments on him better then before
Any could do, for which (with *Homer*) wee
Will yeeld all Honour to his Memory.

* Menalaus, Agamemnons *Brother, a Soft pated Prince, as* Homer [*covertly*] *renders him throughout his* Illiads, *and as Mr.* Chapman *hath aptly observed in* Homer.

EPIG. 24.

Epitaph on Mr. Flood.

READER, thou need'st no Inundation feare,
Yet be it known a *Flood*'s Imprisoned here.

EPIG. 25.

To Mr. E. G.

YOu say, (Sir) that I do obscurely live,
And my retyr'dnesse doth suspicion give,
Fame (you say) on wings doth flie,
"*Whole aves himselfe, doth living die,*
'Tis true, I do in darknesse goe,
That I am thought-bound well I know,
Honour I seek not, I slight Fame,
I feele within, what those do blame
That are without, I scorn, 'tis true
The World, it me, I honour you.

EPIG. 26.

Epitaph on Mr. James Gourd *a singing-man.*

HEre lies a *Chorister*, whose voice appli'd
Unto the Organ, oft hath dignifi'd

His maker, who ſo likt his Carroling,
He took him into heaven there to ſing.

EPIG. 27.

To the PARLIAMENT *of* ENGLAND.

YOu are the Braine, the Liver and the Heart,
Wee are the Hands
Of this great Body, and the Vitall part,
The Feet whereon it ſtands,
The Bones, and Bulke, which muſt the Burthen (beare,
Therefore without offence
With you wee (ſure) may claime an equall ſhare,
Specially in the Common ſence.

Epig. 28.

To Mr. Edward Gosling *pittying my want of Books.*

THe rage of these rude times hath snatch'd (away
My Books, from *Æsop* to *Mirandula*,
I now for Books have 'bove my head the skies,
The Truth for Light, and Reason for my Eyes,
Under me Earth, about me Ayre, and Sea,
Verse for Guide, and Nature for my Way,
And truth to say, in Books, as Clouds, men see
Of whose Embracements, *Centaures* gotten be.

Epig. 29.

A Paralell.

AS Humours drawn up from the Ground
Are unto many Functions bound,

'Cause

'Cauſe of their native property,
And climes through which their journeys be,
Some *Meteors*, that amaze below,
Some *Comets*, that fore-threaten woe,
Some haileſtones, that afflict the earth,
Some raine, which haſtens every birth,
Lightning and Thunder made of thoſe
Cold regions double heates incloſe:
So is mankind in other faſhion
Rais'd and let fall with his own paſſion,
Form'd, Transformed, made inſtruments
In many ſhapes, and many vents,
Feeding great men, as Vapours do,
And vading Scourge their Parents too:
Some miſhap'd *Meteors* terrifying
True Spirits, under Tyrants lying,
Others like Windes, and made to blow
To breath themſelves, and overthrow
Others, ſome like Dewes where they touch,
Exhalation-like, ſome flame too much,
Catching in heates of power and will,
Thunders, and Flames, t'amaze and kill.

Epig. 30.

To Mr. John Sob, *of these times.*

FAme, and Religion but assure
Vaine man, to give wounds, and endure,
Those Princes still most famous are,
Who staine most earth with blood in warre,
As when windes 'mongst themselves do jarre,
So restlesse humours bring forth warre,
Seas then are tost, the waves do fight,
The people beare the wounds of might,
All the diseases of the head
Descending till the Limbs be dead.

Epig. 31.

The Character of an accomplisht Man.

HEe that is moulded of a noble mind,
Dares beare (with *Atlas*) Heaven on his (back
Flies not with feathers of a Buzzard kind,
Doth reverence, not feare the Thunder crack.

So

Sups up his ſighs, and ſwallowes down his griefe,
Beggs but of God, or of his great Vicegerents,
Cannot endure to name the word, Reliefe,
And ſerves but Honour, or her lov'd Adherents.

Knowes his Deſerts, and yet cannot Importune,
Bites on bare need, and yet laments no lack,
Hates to be call'd or thought the Child of (Fortune,
Stoops not to Death, untill his heart-ſtrings (crack.

Lives like himſelfe, and at his lateſt breath
Dies like himſelfe, a Conquerour of Death.

EPIG. 32.

To his Excellency, the Lord Generall Cromwell.

SIr, Power is proud, till it look down to Feare,
Though onely ſafe, by ever looking there,
Kings Throne were ever like enchanted fires,
Mighty to ſee, and eaſie to paſſe over:
The *Torrid Zone* of Tyranny retyres
Into the Frigid, and can ne're recover

Its Pristine Station, when t'is dislocated
By Providence, and Power ingemminated:
Sir, I confesse when one man ruleth all,
There Feare and Care, are secret wayes of Wit,
Where all must rise, and onely one must fall,
Safety aspire, and care must manage it.
" *Dead men are onely trusted by the wise,*
" *On speechlesse Formes we may securely rise.*
Those Spirits of Practise that contend with (Fate,
Must by their Deaths do Honour to a State,
New counsells must be had, when Plannets fall,
" *Change hath her Periods, and is naturall.*

Epig. 33.

To the profoundly Learned, and unparalleld Antiquary, John Selden *Esquire.*

THou living Library, the admiration
Of this our *Borean* Clime; who know'st each Nation
Their Origen, Lawes, Ceremonies, all
Their Customes triviall, or authentical,
All which thou hast narrated with such skill,
That (more then *Cambdens*) all admier thy Quill,
Scal-

Scalliger's but a Puple unto thee,
(The very *Basis* of Antiquitie)
Sufficient Characters to expresse all things
Thou hast, nor need'st thou Metaphorick wings:
For all the Earth is thine, a *Caspian* Sea
Thou art, and all Brookes sally into thee,
But like the Ocean, thou giv'st back farr more
To those clear springs, then thou receiv'st be-
(fore;
From thee true living Wisdome doth proceed,
Thou hast the art of Eloquence (indeed)
What bold presumption is it (then) in me
To dedicate my *Epigrams* to thee,
Yet so I dare to do, that all may know
I wish the censure of the rigid'st brow.

EPIG. 34.

Not to wonder at the Monstrositie of these times.

MEns Vices, Beasts chiefe Virtues are,
The shames of Peace, the pride of Warr.

EPIG.

Epig. 35.

To Mall *my Wife.*

DEareſt Love, I pray thee tell,
Is not he an Infidell,
That conceiv's thy dainty ſex
Were onely made for to perplex
Wretched mankind, and that the Gods,
Fram'd the firſt woman, when at odds:
The Whore *Pandora* with her Box
Brought healing medicines, not the Pox.
Heſiod was beſide his ſence
When he divulg'd with impudence
All the Plagues that fall on man
From *Pandora* firſt began.
O my Deare, whom I preferre
Above my Life, my wiſhed Starre,
In whoſe embraces I do ſleep,
When I have folded up my Sheep,
Let not any caſualty,
Any harſh Adverſitie
Dull thy noble ſence, or yet
Force thee 'gainſt thy ſtarrs to fret,
Philemon, and poor *Baucis*, who
Liv'd in penury, and woe,
By *Saturnus* and his Sonne
Were viſited and Favours wonne,

When

When mighty Kings their Persons wanted,
Let nought make thee and I be daunted.
But what need I advertize thee,
Whose copious Ingenuitie,
Athenia makes more jealous farre
Then when *Arachne* challeng'd her,
The Gods, I'me sure, appointed thee
As onely fit, my Wife to bee:
Juno, and *Hymen*, both delight
To waite on us, let Fortunes spight
But give us cause of mirth, the Graces
Do waite on us, and our Embraces.

EPIG. 36.

The Conclusion.

'TIs done, but (*Englishman*) if thou will't sit
As Judge, be sure thou hast a *Latine* wit.

The end of the Sixth and last Book.

THE

THE SOCRATICK SESSION,

OR

The Arraignment and Conviction,

OF

JULIUS SCALIGER.

By S. SHEPPARD.

LONDON.
Printed by *G. D.* for *Thomas Bucknell*, at the Signe of the Golden *Lion* in *Duck-Lane*, 1651.

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TH

The Persons in this PARLIAMENT.

ORPHEUS.
LINUS.
HESIOD.
MUSEUS.
MENAN-
(DER.
ARISTO-
(PHANES.
SOPHO-
(CLES.
EURIPI-
(DES.
PINDAR.
ANACRE-
(ON.
THEOCRI-
(TUS.

ÆSCHELI-
NUS.
APOLLO-
(NIUS.

JUVENAL.
VIRGIL.
SENECA.
MARTIUS.
CAPELLA.
LUCRETI-
(US.
HORACE.
PERSIUS.

MAR-

MARTIAL. CATULLUS.
OVID. AUSONIUS.
LUCAN. PALINGE-
STATIUS. (NIUS.
CLAUDIAN. MANILLI-
TIBULLUS. (US.
MANTUAN. BOETHI-
PROPER- (US.
TIUS.

HOMER, (as a mute)
SCALIGER, the Delinquent.
APOLLO, President.
NEMESIS, A Furie employed.

THE CONVOCATION HOUSE.
CASTALIA.
MERCURY, Cryer of the Court.

To

To the truly judicious, my much honoured Friend Iames Yate, *Esquire.*

Sir,

THe many Favours that have been put upon mee by your profuse Palme, command at least a manifestation of what gratitude I owe to your much meriting selfe: (*Sir*) I know this *Poem*, (though concise) yet for the rareneſſe and ſolidity of the Subject, will find welcome with you. It

castigates him, who hath censured all the Wits of the World, (from the Creation to his time.) *Scaliger* was indeed a man of profound Learning, and admirable Elocution, but (sure) much besides himself, when he jeeres (with his *French* witt) so grossely, and vituperatively, the Master of all Learning, and Science, Divine HOMER.

Poetarum omnium, & præstantissimum, & Divinissimum, (according to *Plato*)

--------*Cujusque ex ore profuso,*
Amnemque in tenues ausa & deducere rivos,
unius fœcundia bonis. ----Manil. Astrol. LIB. 2.

From whose large mouth for Verse, all that (since live
Drew water, and grew bolder to derive

Into

Into thinne ſhallow Rivers his deepe flood,
Richly luxuriant in one mans good.

The Fount of Wit was Homer, *Learn-*
(ings Syre,
And gave the Liberall Arts their living
(fire,
Apollo *ſtood amaz'd, and did confeſſe*
Himſelf was equall'd in Mæonides.

Out of him (ſaith Learned *Plutarch*) are all Arts deduced, *Angelus Politianus*, nominates him the true and onely *Apollo* : His *Iliads*, and *Odyſſes* (ſaith *Euſthatius*) for their Excellency, may be worthyly called the Sunne, and Moon of the Earth: out of the entire affection that I beare to the Name, and Honour of that moſt Divine and inimitable

Wit, as also in the vindication of Poesie, (so deeply wounded by this Crittick, in detracting from *Homers* incomparable worth) I have summoned (by *Apollos* Writts) most of all the ancient *Greek*, and *Latine* Poets to a full Sessions, (as in Parliament) The manner of their meeting with their various Votes, and Dissolution. Your self, may informe your self, in halfe an houre.

Sir,

Your humble Servant,

S. SHEPPARD.

To the Author on his Socratick Seſsion.

'TWas boldly ventur'd (Friend) what, to (defie,
And fight with him, with whom all do complie,
Moſt out of feare, and others of affection,
This 'tis to have *Apollo*'s grand protection:
Such a Dilinquent *Scaliger* was ever,
He hath been blam'd, (till now) arraigned never:
How doth the grand *Mœonian Bard* rejoyce
To hear the ſound of thy *Stentorian* voyce,
Reverberated by the Trump of Fame,
Purging his Honour, Deifying his Name:
Such power is in thy ſpell, (not like *Medea*
To raiſe up *Pluto*) but call down *Aſtrea*,
That at thy ſummons all the witts do come,
And for thy ſake, forſake *Elizium*:
Their cenſure's juſt, and ſo is mine, thy Praiſe
Should not be Thankes, but *Anadems* of Bayes.

Edward May.

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THE SOCRATICK SESSION, OR *The Parliament of Poets*, Containing, The Arraignment, and Conviction OF JULIUS SCALIGER.

MERCURY.

O Yes, O Yes, come on, come on,
Ye tiplers of cleare *Helicon*,
Here take your seates, ye wise, and grave,
And cramme up this *Castalian* Cave,

No matter though you sit all night,
Since countenanc'd by the god of light.

APOLLO, WITH A TRAINE OF BARDS.

APOLLO to *Homer.*

SIt here (grave Sir) or else more rather
Fill that Throne, my most honour'd Father,
Thy Dorick Lyre
Made th'Heavenly Quire
More wonder, and more joccund farre
Then when I sung the Gyants Warre:
The rest (*Hermes*) I leave to thee,
Place each man, as is his Degree.

MERCURY. *Orpheus*, *Linus*, *Hesiod*,
Who gav'st a birth to every God:
You three
Accompany,
Unlesse you please for to preferre
This ancient School-Master
To your Societie; *ORP. LIN.* He merits it,
Is not this * he *Leander* writ?

* *Musæus*

MERCURY.

MERCURY. The same, why heres *Menander* too,
Faith (Sir) we did look for you.
Please (Sir) to be
Alone, You ere lov'd singularity,
Pray take your ease,
Sir, *Aristophanes*,
With *Sophocles*,
And *Euripides*,
You need not brawle——
For roome, this Forme will hold you all,
This seat must be reserv'd alone
For *Pindar*, and *Anacreon*,
They come amongst the rest for to discusse,
What! my smooth *Theocritus*,
Most accute in every Page,
Possess'd with Lymphatick Rage,
Here are no Neat-heards —— sit thee down,
Whence comes this muffled Clown?
PINDAR. Oh tis our Friend
Æschelinus, see his head
Is wounded, some Malevolent Feind
Shap'd like an Eagle. MERCURY. Tread
Softly, for feare
Hyperion heare,
Whose wrath I must expect to beare,
If any I admit to come
With a crack't *pericranium*.

Good

Good Sir come in,
The game is ready to begin,
Here onely wants
You, and your *Argonantes.*

APOLLONIUS *Enters.*

The *Grecians* all are marshal'd for the Fight,
Now let me ranke *Æneas* off-spring Right.

VIRGIL *Enters.*

Stay (Sir) have you the face
To claim a place
Fore *Juvenal*, we know your Muse

JUVENAL *preferred before* VIRGIL *by* MERCURY.

Did the *Mæonian*, and *Ascræan* use,
Him no supply,
All sprang from his own Ingenuitie.
Now you may sit
Having done homage to his Wit,
Make way
For *Seneca.*

SENECA *Enters.*

A Scuffle for Superioritie.

Nay be not angry (Sirs) for you must know it,
Hee's a *Peripatetick*, and a Poet.

MARTIUS CAPELLA *Enters.*

The like to us
Art thou (sweet *Martius*,)

LUCRETIUS *Enters.*

And thou *Lucretius*,
Sit yee together, be not vex't
Deare *Horace*, thou art next.

HORACE *Enters with* PERSIUS.

HORACE. I cannot *Persius* brook,
H'as such a crabbed look.

MER.

MERCURY. Still jeering, *Flaccus*, (Sir) sit down,
Weare (next to *Juvenal*) the Crown.

MARTIAL *Enters.*

——You have been mist
Quaint *Epigrammatist*.

OVID *Enters.*

Oh Sir, y've lost the Day,
By your too tardy stay,
Admired *Naso* t'would not please,
If we should Metamorphose these
Already seated, 'twould become
Another *Tristium*.
Therefore, though great
In worth, there take thy seate.

APOLLO. Active *Cylenius*
Bring hither next to us
Lucan, and *Statius*.

LUCAN AND STATIUS *next* APOLLO.

Yee worthy paire, who did great Acts reherse,
In farre more mighty and Immortall Verse,

It

It is your due,
That I ſhould honour you. —— here ſit.

MER. Hoe ſtay, beare back there,—tis not fit
That every gay Poetick man
Should preſſe before ſweet *Claudian*,
Though elder in degree,
Y'are leſſer farre then hee.

CLAUDIAN *Enters, with* TIBULLUS, PROPERTIUS, CATULLUS, AUSONIUS, PALINGENIUS, MANILLIUS, BOETHIUS.

Sit *Claudian*, now approach *Tibullus*,
Propertius, *Mantuan*, and *Catullus*,
Auſonius, *Palingenius* too,
(Sir) here is hardly roome for you,
Yet enter, th'aſt a throate
Will help make up the Vote.

MERCURY. By the faith of gods, and men
You have undone us Gentlemen,
You cannot now inherit
The places which you merit.

MANIL.

MANIL. Wee'l onely bee spectators. BOE, We
Will not disturbe the Company.

MERCURY. Your assent,
Must mix in this great Parliament,
Sweet *Naso* is alone
Without Companion,
You two sit next him. APOLLO. Are all plac'd?
MER. Yes Sir, with much adoe, at last.

APOLLO.

Heare then (great * Rivall) and my honoured (Sonns,
* *Homer*
(Beloved by the gods, and sacred Nine)
Whom I am proud to call Companions,
We convocated are by aide Divine,
To castigate a Critick Elfe,
Who Censured all men but himselfe,
Who hath blasphem'd the three times three,
Taxing the Master of all Poesie.

Great *Homer*, from whose mouth came all
That wee can rare, or learned call,
To heare whom I amazed oft have stood,
Listning to him, as some god:
All Rivers from the great *Oceanus* spring,
From him all Verse, he is the Poets King.

Bring

Bring the Delinquent (*Atlantiades*)
Unto the Barre, place him upon his knees.

Nemesis *enters with* Scaliger, *places him at the Barre.*

MER. *Rhamnusian Nemesis* ——appear
With the Cur'st Critick *Scaliger.*
Great light, he doth refuse to kneele.
APOL. Whip him (stern Feind) and let him feele
Thy strokes. SCAL. * Hold, hold, I am content,
Oh, wherefore am I hither sent?
* *Scalliger tormented.*

APOL. Injurious *Frenchman*, know'st thou not (the cause?
Thou Traytor to our Fundamental Lawes,
Whose envious Treason's hurld
Through all parts of the World.

Hast thou not utter'd horrid Blasphemie,
Against my Crown, and th'Muses Dignitie?
What mov'd thee to belch forth
Aspertions 'gainst the worth
Of Divine *Homer?* making *Maro* farre
(Although his Ape) 'bove him superior,
And therewith not content
Voted'st *Museus* much more eminent.

Do

Do we not know when twenty yeares of Age
Thou could'st not give the meaning of one Page
Of the *Phrygian* Fabulators,
Though with the helpe of Commentators,
Yet afterwards we do confesse,
Thou understood'st twelve Languages,
Which makes thy crime the greater,
By consequence thy punishment compleater.
Hee's Planet struck. —Scal. My guilty sence
Cannot afford me so much impudence
For to deny
My treachery.
Great *Phœbus*, I acknowledge my offence,
By thy bright selfe, I sweare,
I held great *Homer* deare:
His Poesie
As sung by thee,
Above all humane wit did seem to me,
Yet by Ambition lead,
I rashly censured
His most incomparable works; as low
That by eclipsing him, I great may grow.

Apollo.

This Ingenious free confession
Mitigates much of the Transgression,

But muſt not Anticipate
The deſtin'd rigour of thy fate.
You heare (great Rivall) and the reſt
Of my lov'd Sonns, this Critick hath confeſt
His Treachery, but thers no reaſon,
Acknowledgement ſhould expiate a Treaſon,
Great *Homer* muſt not be
His Judge, do you decree
Each give his verdict,
But Impartially.—Speak dereſt Son—

SCALIGER CENSURED.

ORPHEUS. Unto a Rock of yce
Let him be chain'd. LINUS. To expiate his vice
With *Ixion*, give him torture on a wheele.
HESIOD. *Tantalus* torment let him feele.
MUSEUS. I ſtill muſt ſing as I was wont,
Plunge him (*Leander like*) i'th *Heleſpont*.
MENANDER. Let *Cerberus* ſtill worrie him, (or let
Him to the chin in *Phlegeton* be ſet.
SOPHOC. Let him be given into *Ænyos* hand.
EURIPIDES. Let fell *Mægera* laſh him with (her brand.
PINDAR. In a ſteepe gulph of fire
Let him howle, and nere expire.

ANACREON. Falling ever
From on high,
Wishing still
A greater ill,
And yet never,
Any other torture try.

LUCAN. *His Critick Soule into some flesh (preferre.
Destin'd by Fate to be a School-Master.
STATIUS. Or else by power Divine,
Seclude it in some Swine.
ÆSCHELINUS. *Titius* Kites still teare his (heart.
APOLLONIUS. Horror from him never part.
JUVENAL. Beneath mount *Ætna* give him (place
With the Ringleaders, of the snakefoot-race,
Once darted mountaines at *Joves* face.
VIRGIL. *Sysiphus* snow-ball let him roule.
SENECA. Let the three Furies teare his Soule
Eternally, with furious ire.
MARTIUS CAPELLA. Confine him to that (Lake of fire

*Lucan] *and* Statius *give their verdict amongst the* Greeks *in order to* Apollos *appointment, who hath preferred them to a place amongst them.*

Gyrus

Gyrts *Erebus*. LUCRETIUS. I confirm his Vote.
HORACE. Let Sulphur down his throate
Continually be powr'd. PERSIUS. Let him (give ease
Unto the *Belides*,
And ever mourn,
Filling the fatall Urne.

OVID. Let him still curse his Fate,
While he the *Elizian* Joyes doth contemplate.
CLAUDIAN. *Charons* assotiate let him be
To ferrie,
Soules in his Wherrie,
And tug the oare, till the earth dissolved be.
TIBULLUS. And then be cag'd with swart *Tysiphone*.
PROPERTIUS. *Sodoms* destruction still invi- (ron him.
MANTUA. Ever in black *Cocytus* let him (swim.
AUSONIUS. Seat him where *Nero sits*.
CATULLUS. Place him on
Some ever-flaming Grydion. PAL. The like I (Vote,
MANILUS. Let him still melt, and ne're ex- (pire
In *THIESTES* sickly fire.

BOETHIUS. With *Homers Momus* (*Lucian*) (seat him,
And let his Fancy ever cheat him.

APOLLO. These are your Votes. OMNES They are.

APOLLO. Then thus,
I crown your censures. *Japetus*
Sits where my peircing Rayes ne're shoote
With sullen *Saturne*, darke as soot
All about them is the skie,
There place this Critick (*Mercury.*)
Every day let him torment tasts
Varying, as their Votes have past.

A SHOUT.

So let him ever ban his Birth.
OMNES. Thankes great *Apollo*, Heaven and Earth
Still blesse thy Beames. APOLLO. Now all (be gon,
Thus endeth our *SOCRATICK SESSION.*

MERCU-

MERCURY. * *Hyperion*, and *Homer* all alone,
Are flown up to the milkie path,
And now every *Bard* that hath
Place in *Elizium*, follow me along,
Each Prophet chaunting a Triumphant song.

* Hyperion, *a name of* APOLLO.

The End.

A MAUSOLEAN MONUMENT,

Erected

By a SOROWFULL SONNE over

His Deceased Parents:

With

THREE PASTORALS.

Two of them alluding to some Late Proceedings between Parties.

By S. SHEPPARD.

LONDON,
Printed by *G. D.* for *Thomas Bucknell,* at the Signe of the Golden *Lion* in *Duck-Lane,* 1651.

To the worthy, my much honoured Kinſman, Chriſtopher Clapham *of* Beamſly *Eſquire.*

SIR,

I Know you are as farre from pride as Ignorance, and not onely underſtand, but love indeavours of this kind; the enſueing *Ellegies* (memorizing my much honoured

honoured Parents) I preſent to your Patronage: for that you were well acquainted with their perſons (when on Earth) and can witneſſe(with me) to the World, that I am not partiall in my prayſes: Sir, I have a hope that reaſon ere long may clear your eye-ſight, that ſo at length you may looke up, and view him, whom hitherto you have unkindly neglected, to haſten which deſired day, I have not onely allarumed you with groanes from graves, but do alſo ſound *Pan*'s Pipe in your eares, dedicating unto you alſo the following *Eglogues*, and I beſeech you, aſſure your ſelfe, that as they cannot prove diſgracefull to me, ſo they muſt needs be eſteemed, an addition of Honour to you: among all the Poets in

in that wiſe age wherein *Mœcenas* lived, *Virgil*, and *Horace* were the onely the onely two, whoſe mean Fortunes needed his liberallitie, as well as their virtues deſerved his acquaintance, how liberall he was, their acknowledgements in their workes have teſtified to the World. Sir, you are bleſt with much ſubſtance, you cannot better provide for your name, then to be kind to thoſe, in whoſe power it is either to cajol, or canonize you to all poſteritie. I may ſafely averre that it was happy for *Mœcenas* (not onely that *Virgil*, and *Horace* lived in his time, but) that thoſe two famous men ſhould live in ſuch eſtates as to need his bounty, though that excellent *Epigarmmatiſt*, *Martiall*, could ſay,

Sint

Sint Mœcenates, non deerunt Flacce Marones.

Yet the contrary (by experience) hath been found: *Maroes* have been borne, when no *Mœcenasses* have lived to cherish them. As *Homer*, the wonder of Posteritie, in his owne time little esteemed, and *Mœcenasses* have lived and wanted *Maroes*. *Alexander* the great (then whom none more desirous of Fame, or more able to requite, yet (if we may credit *Arianus*) found not one Poet to memorize his actions. I have been Sir) something prolix on this subject of Poets and Patrons, to make you sensible, that your liberality to the Muses, will be retributed with double

dovble advantage, you may as you pleaſe determine of me, that as I never had, I care not how ſoon I looſe.

Sir, I am Yours,

Affectionately devoted,

S. SHEPPARD.

A N

FUNERAL ELLEGIES.

An Ellegie On The Death Of My Most Deare And Reverend Father, Doctor Harman Shepard, who Deceased *Iuly* 12. 1639.

IN what words ſhall I cloath my Verſe (whil'ſt I
(O Father) do weep out thy *Ellegie* ?
Stab me ſome one that loves me, that (my blood
Spouting from forth my veines, like to a flood

I may take thence my Ink, and ſo proceed
To write a line for every ounce I bleed.
Prompt me ſome Ghoſt, *Melpome* thy aide
Afford, O thou moſt ſad dejected Maid,
I court thee now, as chiefeſt of the Nine,
And truth to ſay, thou onely art Divine,
And Lovely in my eyes, helpe me to moane,
Thou that for fifty ſlaughtered Sonnes did'ſt (groane
Whiles thy faire City ſparkled to the skies,
And thou each minute anxious of ſurprize,
Thy griefe as mine was moſt tranſcendent ſure,
And mine with thine ſhall evermore endure.

What direfull Plannet, enemy to man,
Uſurp'd the Hemiſpheare, what influence ran
O're the Earths ſurface, and produc'd that day
On which my Reverend Syre was ſnatch'd away?
Yee Fatall Siſters. whom all mortals dread,
Oh how durſt you in furie cut his thread
Who was *Joves* darling, and whoſe ſingle skill
Curb'd yron *Mors*, and ſlav'd him to his will,
While (like another *Æſculapius*)
He redeem'd ſoules deſtind for *Erebus*,
And by the working minerall alone
Gave them from death a ſure redemption:
Great *Paracelſus* Son, he called was,
And by his skill, as ſtrange things brought to paſſe,
He

He knew the motions of the Heavens, how farre
Extent *Jehovah* hath assign'd each starre,
Orions progresse, and the hidden cause
Makes *Cynthia* varie, gives *Oceanus* Lawes:
Sleep blessed Spirit in thy gellid urne,
All I can doe is thy great losse to mourne,
And by this deathless Verse to raise thy fame,
That after times may reverence thy name.

HIS EPITAPH.

GReat Æsculapiu's *Son here lies,*
A Leech that cur'd all malladies,
A Paracelsian, *and yet knew*
Better then Gallen *how to do,*
He taught the operations
And virtues of most hearbes and stones,
The day and houre he did impart,
That Mors *would strike him with his* (*dart,*

Three yeares before his Soule went hence,
Age layd him here, no impotence:
Grim Death, it to the soule did grieve,
His skill so many should reprieve,
Destin'd to Charons *Boate, in yre*
With Atropos *he did conspire,*
And contrary to Joves *Decree,*
Rob'd him of his Mortalitie,
When he had numbered ninetie yeares,
Sigh'd for with sobbs, condol'd in teares.

An Ellegie On The Death Of My Deare And Truly Vertuous Mother, *Mis.* Petronella Sheppard, Who Deceased *September* 10. 1650.

ALL I can do I will, Nature alone,
Doth not enjoyn't, the valluation
I set on Vertue doth command my Quill
(Tryumphant Saint) these lines for to (distill:
hou gav'st me life, now thou hast lost thy (breath,
et me at least preserve thy Name from Death.

will not taxe the starres, or on pretence
f griefe defie each heavenly influence,

Quarrell with *Atropos*, give *Mors* the lye,
And denounce warre against each Destinie,
For snatching thee away, a speciall Fate
From hence to Heaven did thy Soule translate,
This dirty orbe, not worthy for to beare
A Soule so matchlesse, so Divinely faire.
Israell did *Elias*'s Chariot guide,
In which up to *Olympus* thou didst ride.

As *Sol* beneath a Cloud, as Gold in dung,
So wert thou conversant on Earth too long,
Prosperity could not beguile thy sence,
Nor Fortunes frown cause thy impatience,
I am not partiall in what I averre,
I would be Truths, and not thy Chronicler.

Hadst thou surviv'd in those imperfect times
When *Hesiod* wrote, and *Homer* sang his rimes,
Thou hadst been *VESTA*, or some Dietie,
More glorious, more divinely chaste then shee:
Or had those of that age thy virtues seen,
The first and greatest *Sybill* thou hadst been:
Or had the *Romish* Faith thy soule surprizd,
Most sure ere this thou hadst been canonizd,
And plac'd in the Rubrick, found as faire a day
As *Agnes*, *Agathe*, or *Ursula*.

What though the pompe, and that affected state
Which many a *Lady* doth accumulate,
Was wanting at thy death, and in the darke
(Perhaps without the Priest, or Parish Clarke)
Thou wert but halfe inhum'd, this is thy glory,
That both in life and death things transitory,
Were thy contempt and scorn (perhaps t'was
(so)
Decreed above thou to thy grave shouldst go
Like *Moses* wrapt in Mysts, least after dayes
Reading this story of thy lasting praise,
Should erect temples to thy vertuous Name,
Search for thy body, and adore the same.

Rest, Rest thou glorious Saint, the feigned
(praise
Which doth unto the skies the glory raise
Of *Aria*, *Portia*, and *Lucretia*,
Evadne, or fam'd *Artimesia*,
Sisters couple in thee. O Matchlesse,
That thou whose Virtues were so paramount,

Should find so little Roome ith' book of Fame,
Yet this shall serve to keep alive thy Name,
I would say more, did not my teares prevent;
Be this thy *Pyramid* and Monument.

HER EPITAPH.

WIth reverend awe this earth tread (on,
It merits your Devotion.
Beneath this turfe lies Chastitie,
Wisedome, and reall Pietie
Kneaded together, buried here
(Though without Tombe or Sepulcher)
Lies Arias, *Loyall love and all,*
That we can rare, or precious call.
A woman, who for wit might vie
With Pallas, *for sobrietie*
*With the fam'd * Wife of* Collatine,
Her gesture grave, her words Divine,
No Fortune could her thoughts divide,
A Saint she liv'd, a Saint she dy'd.

* *Lucrece.*

HER EPITAPH.

WIth reverence due this earth tread on,
It merits your Devotion.
Beneath this roof lies Chastitie,
Hospitalitie, and vrall Pietie
Knitted together, buried here
(Though without Tombe or Sepulcher)
Lies Arias, Loyall lover and all,
That we can name, or precious call.
Monumentes, tabes for not might rise
With Pallas, for Polyxene
With the fained * Wife of Collatine,
Her sepulture grave, her vrnes Divine,
No Fortune could her thoughts divide,
A Saint she liv'd, a Saint she dy'd.

* Lucrece.

THE ADVENTUROUS BARD.

OR (UXORIOUS) ORPHEUS HIS DESCENT.

WHile Sweet Euridice *in flight*
Invok'd the ſad and ſhady night,
For to abſcond her from the eye
*Of * him that ſought her luſtfully,*
The chaſte ſoule as ſhe fled ne're ſpide
A Snake (by whoſe fell ſting ſhe di'd)
Lurking i'th rank grown graſſe, but all
The Dryad's *at her funerall*

* Ariſtæus.

Wept

Wept on high Pangæa, *and*
The Rodopeian *Towers, the Land*
Of Rhæsus, *yea the* Gets *for woe,*
Athenian, Orythia *too,*
But he his sick soule solacing,
Oft to his instrument would sing
Of his lov'd Wife o'th shoare alone,
Morning, nor night could end his moane,
He through the gloomie wood did venter,
Plutos *greisly cave to enter*
To'th Ghosts, and their grim King he went
Hearts that to prayers did ne're relent:
From Hells dark nookes the Ghosts do throng,
Even shadowes moved by his song,
Came forth by thousands, as a flight
Of little Birds i'th woods, whom night
Or showers, do thither drive in shoales,
Ghosts of both sexes, the great soules
Of Heroes, *and of Virgins there,*
Youths buried ere their parents were,

Whom

Whom swart Cocytus *banks inclose,*
And that black poole that never flowes,
Styx *nine times' bout it rowles his waves,*
Hells inmost Vaults, and torturing Caves
Were op't, th' Eumenides *forbeare*
To menace with their snakie haire,
Yea, Cerberus *to bark refraines,*
Ixions *wheele unmoov'd remaines,*
Returning not least touch'd had he
Behind him, his Euridice:
Restord to life (for this accord
Proserpine *made with her black Lord)*
Forgetfull love a frenzie wrought,
But triviall, could Fiends pardon ought
Neare to the light, forgetfull he
Must needs vie with Euridice:
Which frustrates all the paines he took,
The Tyrants Covenant is broke,

And

And thrice Avernus lake *resounds*
Thus she,

EURIDICE TO ORPHEUS.

What madness thus confounds
Thy self and me, stern Fates surprize
Me bcak, Deaths slumbers close my (eyes,
Farwell; I'm e summond, and must (goe
Back to the yron Isle of Woe

As smoak fleets, so she vanish'd there,
And left him for to clasp the ayre,
Hee'd try againe, no more, alas,
Will churlish Charon *let him passe.*
What should he do, the Fiends do move
With teares, with Prayers, the Gods above:

His

His cold Wife ferried thence away
In Charons boate, seven Moneths they say
Weeping here Strymons forfeit waves
In dark and solitary Caves,
To hard Rocks did his Ills lament,
Trees mov'd, and Tygers did relent,
So Philomel on an Orange Tree,
Wailes her youngs losse, whom cruelly
A Husbandman ere fleg'd for flight,
Snatch'd thence, she spends in griefe the (night,
From a bough sings her sorrow there
With moanes filling the places neare,
Now heavenly Muse with Art relate
The Thracian Poets future fate,
Nor Venus, or bright Hymens rites
Mov'd him, wandring in woefull plights,
Ore Riphæan fields, where frost ever lies
Scythian yce, snowy Tanais,

Be-

Bewailing Plutos *bootlesse boone*,
And that againe his Wife was gone.
Those Dames whose beds he did despise,
Raging in Bacchus *Sacrifice:*
His limbs they strowd ore th' fields abroad,
When swift Oeagrian Hebrus *flood,*
His ravished head did beare along
Euridice, *his dying tongue*
Ah poore Euridice *did resound,*
Which words, the banks did ecchoe (round.
His Father Phœbus *made more mone,*
Then when he lost his Phaeton:
(Some do avouch that for three dayes
He left his Carre, put off his Rayes)
To see his Orpheus *rudely rent,*
Vp to Olympus *streight he went,*
Fell at Joves *feet, of him desires*
A Tombe, he grants what he requires:

His

His Sonns torne limbs he up doth gather
(Wailing like to some earthly Father)
Burying them in the milkie-way,
Caus'd by a bright refulgent ray,
He darts with a Paternal care
On his lov'd Orpheus *Sepulcher,*
Here Orpheus *sits, and sweetly sings*
And strongly strikes the quavering strings,
When Jove, *and all the gods do come,*
(For they must reeds passe by this Tombe)
Vnto their Senate House, and there,
Determine for to smight or spare:
Still-ever-clogd-vicious-mankind
Here the sweet singer is confin'd:
Yet in no worse a prison lies
Then what immures the Dieties.

The End.

PASTO-

His Sonns torne limbs be up doth gather
(Walking like to Jove Earthly Father)
Burying them in the mullie-mary,
Consd'ly a-bright refulgent ray,
He dwels with a Internal care
On his lov'd Orpheus Sepulcher,
Here Orpheus lyes, and sweetly sings
And strongly strikes the quavering strings,
When Love, and all the gods do come,
(For they mugh reels pulse by this Tombe)
Into their Senate Elevs, and there,
Determine for to Knight or Spare:
Still-over-dogd vicious-mankind
Here the sweet singer is confin'd:
Yet in no mode a prison lies
Then what immures the Deities.

The End.

PASTO-

PASTORALS.

THE FIRST PASTORAL.

Amarillis. Claius.

The ARGUMENT.

Amarillis *doth discover*
Her desires unto her Lover,
Shewing how her nature scornes
Those whom Vertue not adornes,
After which the swaine and she
Intend by Hymen *linkt to be.*

IN the merry moneth of *May*,
When the Birds on every Spray
Sat chirping *Amarillis* faire,
Softer then down, sweter then ayre,

Drove her floks from forth their fold
Which when *Claius* did behold,
He ſaid, lov'd Nymph, be pleaſd that I
May you this day accompany,
Our flocks together feeding, wee
Beneath ſome broad-branch'd Myr-
(tle Tree
Will ſit, where with my pipe will I
Make you pleaſant mellodie,
And when *Sol* our ſhades ſhall
(lengthen,
We with Cates our ſelves will
(ſtrengthen.
Within my bag (by me is put)
As good ſowſe as ere was cut,
With Butter made of pureſt milk,
And of Curds as ſoft as ſilke,
And in my bottle nappie Ale
Made of ſweet Mault, and two mo-
neths ſtale.

And

And though my buskins are not (painted,
Nor I with Courts and Kings ac- (quainted,
Yet, gentle Nymph, take note that I
Am not born ignoblly :
I have ſeen the Graces three,
When my pipe made mellodie
To daunce about me, and the *Faeries*
(Who ſo often nym our Daries)
In a Ring to compaſſe round,
* *Obera*, tripping on the ground,
Leave behind them to be ſeen
A perfect Ovall on the green,
The *Satyrs* rude and full of yre
Have ſat and liſtned to my Lyre,
And when my pipe hath ceas'd to (play
Have diſcontented gone away.

* *Queen* Mab.

Then, sweet Nymph be pleas'd that I
May you this day accompanie.

Quoth *Amarillis*, So may *PAN*
Preserve my flocks from harme and (wan,
So may the Woulfe keep from my (Fold,
As I thee (Shepheard) dear do hold.
Although *Myrtillus* seek my love,
And *Palemon*, the same do prove,
Although *Thomalin* much me gives,
And by his wealth to win me strives,
Yet I *Myrtillus* hate, for he
Comming the other day to me,
As I sate beneath the shade,
Which a broad spreading *Beech*-tree (made,
Had words, and gestures so uncivill,
I see his tongue and heart are evill.

Palemon

Palemon too, although his flock
Be great, and greater far his ſtock,
Yet I affect him not, for though,
He hath the art to ſhrowd it ſo,
I am acquainted with his mind,
And that he is to ills inclind:
For th'other day within the wood
My flocks by chance having ſtray'd (for food,
As I to gather them was going,
Under a tree I found him woing
A Shepherdeſſe unto his Luſt,
But ſeeing me, himſelf he thruſt
Amid the thick and ſhadie boughes:
And though *Thomalin* much allowes
In gifts to win me, ſo to more
Beſides my ſelf he giveth ſtore.
Thus (*gentle Shepheard*) none of theſe
So well as thee my fancy pleaſe,

If thou art mine, as I am thine,
In *Hymens* joyes we will combine.

Quoth *Claius*, Shepardesse I ween
The god of love my Friend hath (been,
That thou dost motion my desires,
And that so mutuall are our fires:
May Woulves burst in unto my fold,
And kill those Ewes I dearest hold,
And may my wreath-hornd Rams (decrease,
Nor yeeld to me their wonted fleece,
As will love thee till I die,
But see *Titan* apace doth hie,
Driving his fiery Carre amaine
The brinie Ocean to attaine:
Now lets depart, to morrow we
Will sing to *Hymen* merrilie.

THE

THE SECOND PASTORAL.

AMINTAS. ADMETAS.

The ARGUMENT.

Distrest Amintas *sits and mournes,*
All proferd joy, and solace scornes,
He tells the story of his woes
Piteous to heare. Admetas *does*
His utmost to asswage his griefe,
But Counsell yeelds him no reliefe
Nought will asswage it, to the skies,
He sadly shoots a look, and dies.

ADMETAS.

A*Mintas* wherefore dost thou (moane
As if all thy joyes were gone,

Up man, leave this uncouth ſhade,
This tenebrous and fatall glade,
Where none but *Satyrs* us'd to prance,
And the nimble *Faeries* daunce;
See, thy ſheep go all aſtray,
Thy belt and ſcrip is ſtol'n away,
Thy pipe lies neere the Brook in (twaine,
Chear up, O thou dejected Swaine.

AMINTAS.

Ceaſe (good *Admetas*) thy harſh din,
And know I ſuffer for my ſin,
Under this broad ſpreading *Beech*,
Whoſe curled front to Heaven doth (reach,
I'le lie, and liſten to the Owle,
And languiſhing ſigh out my Soule.

ADME-

ADMETAS.

So to dare thy frowning Fate,
Argues thee madly deſperate,
Moſt loved Shepheard, what may be
The cauſe of thy great miſerie?

AMINTAS.

O Friend, t'will but augment my (griefe,

ADMETAS.

To breath one woe is ſome reliefe,
All the Shepheards of the plaine
Mourn for thee delicious Swaine,
They ſorrow that thy Pipe is ſtill,
Which came ſo near to *Aſtrophill*,

Yea

Yea, wont aſwell to pleaſe the route,
As the rare Layes of *Collin Clout* :
Their Oaten Reeds they alſo break,
And make great ſorrow for thy ſake.

AMINTAS.

May they be happy, I am loſt,
Split when I hope to harbour moſt,
I feell the frozen hand of death,
But yet before I yeeld my Breath,
Ile tell thee (dear Friend) ere thou goe,
The cauſe and progreſſe of my woe.

ADMETAS.

Here Il'e lie down, proceed to tell,

AMINTAS.

Admetas hear and mark mee well,
Thou

Thou knewſt faire *Cloris*, lovely faire,
Who tyed wing'd *Cupid* in her haire,
The little god being glad to ſtay,
Did with his golden fetters play,
Lovely as *Hebe*, fairer farre
Then ſhe the plumpe god made a (ſtarre;
As coldly chaſte as ere was ſhe,
Titan turnd to *Lawrell* tree,
Wiſe as *Tritonia*, her bright eyes,
Dazl'd *Apollo* in his riſe,
Her forehead cheerefull, corrall lip'd,
Her cheekes were Roſes in milk dipt,
Fingers ſuch as *Aurora* faire
When pleating her old *Tythons* haire,
This goddeſſe of my life and I
(Joynd in mutuall amitie)
By *Hymen to the* Temple led,
Dame *Flora* having deckd our bed,

To

To add unto our active sports
Fortune who still our wishes thwarts
Joyning with *Atropos* conspired,
To kill the thing I so desired,
Chloris in the Temple dies,
Her Nuptialls are her Obsequies.

ADMETAS.

Most gentle Shepheard I confesse,
Thou hast great cause of heavinesse,
But wise men have concluded still
Tis vaine to waile an helplesse ill.

AMINTAS.

Her memory remaines with me,
Although her body buried be,
Ye purling brooks, who murmuring
Still run on errands to your King,
Earth-

Earth-ſhaking *Neptune*, bid him rore
Uutill he do eat up the ſhore,
And let his *Tritons* loud reſound
The cauſe, and dolour of my wound,
Both Death, and Deſtinie, and Hell,
Avernus, where the Furies dwell,
With the loathſome ſtream of *Stix*,
In their Counſels do commix
For to rob me of my Bliſſe,
Staying my Love in ſhadie *Dis*.

ADMETAS.

What frenzie doth poſſeſs thy brain,
O thou late moſt honoured Swaine?
But Love I know no Law abides,
Since his great power, Heaven (guides,

And

And all things that on earth ſurvive,
Without they love they never thrive.
" *Love altereth nature, ruleth Reaſon,*
" *Makes vice a Virtue, Virtue Treaſon.*
Iove, whoſe voice *Olympus* ſhakes,
Love, to be transformed makes.
Love caus'd *Hypollitus* with briers
(Shunning *Phædras* luſtfull fires)
To be out of his Chariot born,
And into many peices torn.
Love layd *Abſyrtus* limbs o'th *Strand*,
Scattered by his Siſters hand,
Forc'd *Paſiphæ* (that impious trull)
To the embraces of a Bull.
Love great *Alcides* did betray,
And while upon *Polixena*
Achilles doated, he was ſlaine,
(*Rhamnuſia* ſo her will did gaine.)
Love, ſmooth *Leander* did compell
To ſwim the *Heleſpont* ſo well.

No

No marvell then that thou art tane
(*Admintas*) thus unto thy bane,
These were with living beauties fir'd
By thee a dead Maid is desir'd.

AMINTAS.

Admetas, cease t'upbraid my will,
'Lesse thou hast *Podalyrius* skill,
And with thy oyntments canst (asswage
The fire that in my heart doth rage,
In direfull sobbing, sighs and teares,
Perpetuall plaints Il'e spend my years,
On Rocks, in Dens, and deserts I
Will breath my woes incessantly,
Farewell for ever, my deare Flocks,
Ye Woods, ye Rivers, and ye Rocks,
A black stone ever on this day,
Let each true Lover cast away;

On

On which let *Titan* never shine,
But let the clustering clouds combine
For to obscure the sight of day,
And dim the glories of his ray,
Let loathsome snakes loud hissing (keep,
And scaly fishes leave the deep,
To come on shore, let scritch-owles (sing
Myrtles wither, Willowes spring;
Dearest *Chloris*, see I come
To meet thee in *Elizium*.

THE

THE THIRD PASTORAL.

LINUS. CORIDON.

The ARGUMENT.

Linus a Shepheard doth explaine
To Coridon, *a rigid Swaine,*
What learned Shepheards once there were,
And who do now the Lawrell beare,
And (as he's able) yeeldeth praise
Vnto their most admired Layes.

LINUS.

COme *Coridon* sit down by me,
Our flocks securely feeding be,
While *Phœbus* beames do parch (the earth,
Giving the slime of *Nilus* birth,

An houre weel wholly ſpend in chat,
Finding diſcourſe of this, and that.

CORIDON.

I lift not ſpend my time ſo ill,
But yet becauſe it is your will,
Il'e ſit, though much againſt my (mind,
Now----what talk with me will you (find.

LINUS.

Indeed I know thou lov'ſt to heare
Of nought, but how thy Oxe will (beare
His yoke, and when thy ſheep to (ſheare,
That thou mayſt make a gainefull (yeare,
But

But yet to mee more pleasant is
To hear *Tytirus* play I wis
Upon his oaten Reed, while hee
Doth make delitious mellodie,
(As once to *Orpheus* Harp) each tree
Does nod, Beasts of the wood agree
To cast aside their furious kind,
And take to them a gentle mind,
While he records in pleasant verse
Sweet tales of Love, and doth rehaerse
His dreames and songs, the stones
(do move.

CORIDON.

O foole with fancies much in love,
I wot not what *Tytirus* was,
Nor for his tales and songs, do passe,
But yet I pray thee let me heare
Yet more of this fantastick geare,

If they were Shepheards like as we.

LINUS.

O *Coridon* that cannot be,
They passe us Swainlings all as farr,
As doth the Moon the smallest Star,
But I to thee will now display
What I have heard my Father say.
Next unto *Tytirus* there came
One that deservd a greater name;
Then was bestowed, but when She (swaid,
Whom to this day some call a Maid,
Then *Collin Clout* his pipe did sound,
Making both Heaven and Earth re- (sound;
The Shepheards all both farre and (near
About him flock'd his layes to hear,
And

And for his ſongs he was ſo fam'd,
He was the Prince of Shepheards (nam'd :
And next to him was the ſweet quill
Of far renowned *Aſtrophil*
Admired, who whether that he choſe
To pipe in Verſe or elſe in Proſe,
Was held the braveſt ſwain to be,
Ere folded Flocks in *Arcadie* :
After him roſe as ſweet a Swaine,
As ever pip'd upon the Plain,
He ſang of warres, and Tragedies
He warbled forth, on him the eyes
Of all the Shepheards fixed were,
Rejoycing much his ſongs to hear.
And then liv'd He who ſweetly ſung,
Orlandos fate in his own tongue,
Who would not deigne t'divulge his (own,
But by another would be known,

O gentle Shepheard we to thee
Are bound in a ſupream degree.
And after him a ſwain aroſe,
In whom ſweet *Ovids* Spirit choſe
For to reſide, he ſang of Love,
How *Cupid* Ladies hearts can move,
And each how large the Continent
Of *Arcadie* is in extent,
He praiſd his maker in his Layes,
And from a King receiv'd the Bayes.

CORIDON.

Although thy words a miſtery
Include, not underſtood by me,
Yet theſe I think our Fathers were,
Have we none now their names to (bear?
And able are their Pipes to ſound
As lowd as thoſe ſo much renownd.

LINUS.

LINUS.

Yes *Coridon*, Ile tell thee then,
Not long agoe liv'd learned *Ben*,
He whose songs, they say, out-vie
All *Greek* and *Latine* Poesie,
Who chanted on his pipe Divine,
The overthrow of *Cataline*,
Both Kings and Princesses of might,
To heare his Layes did take delight,
The *Arcadian* Shepheards wonder all,
To heare him sing *Sejanus* fall,
O thou renowned Shepheard, we
Shall ne're have one againe like thee,
With him contemporary then,
(As *Naso*, and fam'd *Maro*, when
Our sole Redeemer took his birth)
Shakespeare trod on *English* earth,

His Muse doth merit more rewards
Then all the *Greek*, or *Latine* Bards,
What flowd from him, was purely (rare,
As born to blesse the *Theater*,
He first refin'd the *Commick Lyre*,
His Wit all do, and shall admire,
The chiefest glory of the Stage,
Or when he sung of war and *Strage*,
Melpomene soon viewd the globe,
Invelop'd in her sanguine Robe,
He that his worth would truely sing,
Must quaffe the whole *Pierian* spring.
And now--(be gone ye gastfull feares
Alas I cannot speak for teares)
There is a Shepheard cag'd in stone
Destin'd unto destruction,
Worthy of all before him were,
Apollo him doth first preferre,

Reonwned

Renowned Lawreate be content,
Thy workes are thine own Monument.
Apollo still affords supply,
For the *Castalian* Fount's nere drie,
Two happy wits, late brightly shone,
The true sonnes of *Hyperion,*
Fletcher, and *Beaumont*, who so wrot,
Iohnsons Fame was soon forgot,
Shakespeare no glory was alow'd,
His Sun quite shrunk beneath a (Cloud:
These had been solely of esteem,
Had not a *Sucklin* Rivald them.
* SUCKLIN, whose neat superior (phrase
At once delights, and doth amaze,
Serene, sententious, of such worth,
I want fit words to set it forth,
Exactly excellent, I think,
He us'd *Nepenthe* stead of Inke,

* Sir *John Sucklin.*

In this he all else doth out-do,
At once hee's grave, and sportive too.
And next to him well rankt may be
He, whose Pipe melodiously
Doth sound, who for his well-tun'd (Layes,
May before *Plautus* claim the Bayes,
Whose *Commick* straines, and *Tragick* (sounds,
Do ecchoe all about our grounds:
O gentle Shepheard still pipe on,
Still take deep draughts of *Helicon*,
And thou'lt be rankt I make no (doubt
With *Tytirus* and *Collin Clout*.

CORIDON.

Come let us rise, I wonder why,
Thou'lt spend thy time so foolishly,
By

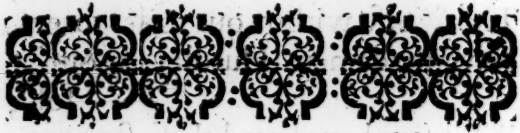
By this we might our traps have set,
The Wolfe within our toiles to get,
Have made new Hurdles for our fold,
While we have heard these stories told,
That are not worth a lock of wooll,

LINUS.

Wisely to speak unto a Foole
Is madnesse, come, bright *Sol* declines,
And glimmering on the Hills he shines.
Lets fold our flocks, which done, then I
My self will to my pipe apply.

The End.

AMIN-



ANINTOR. MARTAGON.

This fragment (because Pastorall) though of a deeper sence then the other, was at the earnest intreaty of some Friends inserted by the Author, who was forced to maime his own, &c.

MARTAGON.

NOw *Titans* heat the mountaines Snow (dissolves,
All pleasing *Ver* in her smooth arme in- (volves
Meadowes, and Woods, and like some gawdy (Queen
Weares various colours, but delights in green,
Here let us sit, and descant on our Fate,
This Poplar to *Alcides* dedicate.

AMIN-

AMINTOR.

Rather beneath yon branched balefull Yew,
That Pitch tree, or black Yvie in our view,
Lets throw our selves, and with alternate cries,
Force audience from the deafned Dieties,
Who seem to flie from our complaints and us,
As once from *Typhon*, and great *Iapetus*.

MARTAGON.

Here we hunt Bores with a loopt *Spanish* Dart,
Take Cranes in springes by the *Phrygian* Art,
Farre from our Native, *&c.* ——*Ol*——*Yle*,
On which when thou *Olympick Jove* didst smile,
Nor fertile *Ægypt*, nor rich *Lydia* more,
Nor *Medes*, nor *Parthians* did their — adore,
Divine *Amintor* change thy oaten Pipe,
For the shrill Trumpet, and the solemne Fife,
To *Panopea*, *Glaucus*, *Inoes boy*,
Whole heards of Beeves, and sheep, we will de-
(stroy,
When thou imbarkst with thy *Iberian* traine,
To win thy own *Ruina* back againe,
Faire *Opis*, *Deiopeia*, *Cydippe*
Ligæa, *Spio*, and *Cymodoce*,
Arethusa, *Clio*, and *Lucothoe*,

By

By *Amphitrites* side, shall waft thee ore,
Dauncing before thee to *Ruinas* Shore.

AMINTOR.

Farewell then *Pales*, and thou god whose Syre,
By a wrong'd Goat did in the waves expire,
Tysiphone assume thy knotted snakes,
Which with the surfeit of *Æchidna* makes
Earth tremble, and the pines of *Ossa* nod,
Piercing the Pallace of the *Stygian* god,
Thou Patronesse of *Rhamnus* help thy Priest,
My wrongs thou knowst, my innocence thou (see'st.

MARTAGON.

But on what soile, in what Illustrious Coast,
Shall we discourse with thy great Fathers Ghost?
As once the wittie, sam'd *Dulichian* guide
Did with *Tyresias* shade, when terrifi'd
With feare of future woes, the hand of Fate
Crushing him (under *Ærycinas* hate.)

AMINTOR.

If *Orpheus* had the power Hells gates to see,
Entering in search of his *Euridice*,

(Caught

(Caught by *Avernian Juno's* wile) if he
Who conquered *Latium*, peopled *Brittanie*,
(As once *Amphitrios* Son) by *Sybill* led,
Viewd *Plutos* Pallace, and with armes out-spread
Courted his Fathers shade, why may not I,
With (*Atlas* Grandchild) wingd-foot *Mercury*
Hyperion ayding, passe black *Erebus*,
Still burning *Phlegeton*, and *Tartarus*;
Not ceasing till with happy speed I come,
And kisse my Syre in blest *Elizium*.

To the Reader on the Errors of the Presse.

I Gave the Bullion good into the Mint,
Do thou cement the fractions of the Print.

FINIS.
